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THE FRENCH IN LONDON.

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“WE continue our narrative of the events of the war, suspended, as our readers are aware, by the murder of the proprietor and the editor of this journal, on the night of the 20th of last month, by the hands of the infuriated French soldiery. On that dreadful night, in consequence of the attacks made upon the honour and courage of the French Commander-in-chief in a leading article of the previous day, about 11 o'clock a party of 500 French grenadiers entered the *Times* Office in Printing-House Square, and demanded that the persons of the writer of the article in question and of the chief proprietor of the journal should be instantly given up. Unhappily, both of the two gentlemen were in the room of which the commanding officer himself, with a file of a dozen soldiers, had taken possession, and the demand was in fact made to themselves personally. Their terror-stricken countenances betrayed the alarm they felt; and the suspicions of their captors as to their identity being confirmed by some men in the printing-office, the unfortunate gentlemen were hurried out into the square, and forthwith hanged upon two lamp-posts. The whole of the vast establishment was immediately devastated by the ferocious troops; the men were driven out of the houses at the point of the bayonet, the machinery (of enormous value) was so damaged as to be utterly useless, every thing combustible was burnt, and every sort of injury which time would permit and which hatred could inspire was done to the contents of the building.

From that day to this our publication has necessarily been suspended. Arrangements, however, being now completed for

the resumption of our publication, we return to our painful duties; though we fear with a circulation diminished one-half, and with frightful injury to our advertising connexion. As to our feelings, we *dare* not express them as we desire, owing to the treaty with respect to the freedom of the press which we are given to understand has been entered into between the English and French Governments.

From the sketch we were giving of the history of the war, when interrupted by the awful calamity just described, it will be remembered, that three months ago, when hostilities suddenly broke out, a very large proportion of the British army and navy were actively employed in the colonies and in Ireland. At the same time every disposable regiment was called for in the manufacturing districts of Great Britain, where the rapid decay of the wool, cotton, and iron trades, owing to the immense improvement in the continental and American manufactures, had produced a chronic state of irritation in the labouring classes, threatening the direst evils to the country in general. We are not enabled to state the precise number of troops on duty in India and the colonies, but it certainly was *totally* unprecedented. The Canadas on the verge of rebellion; Australia in actual insurrection; India harassed with three distinct wars on three sides of its immense territory, the resources of the Company all but drained to the last rupee, and the government scarcely able to defend itself, though recently enforced by the remnant of the Cape regiments who escaped from the massacre at Cape Town when the colony was finally devastated by the Caffres; not to mention our ships and troops at China, New Zealand, Borneo, Malta, and other unsatisfactory possessions,—had carried away many of our best and most serviceable regiments. Ireland, too, was still agitated from north to south. The irritation engendered by the Established Church, and fomented by the attempted enforcement of the penal laws, was at its highest. The Queen's Colleges, too, were proving nests of sedition and fierce anti-Saxon nationalism. The young Catholics, who had broken the trammels of superstition only to embrace the principles of republicanism and pseudo-socialism, were the guiding spirits of secret societies, whose sole aim was plunder, anarchy, and the disruption of the marriage-tie, under the guise of a zealous patriotism. The underhand negotiations of the Government with the Catholic prelates of Ireland had come to nothing; for the latter would not even consent to treat, except on the understanding that every penal law should be repealed, and the Church Establishment destroyed. The whole country seemed on the point of bursting into flames; in fact, we believe it was only kept appa-

rently tranquil by the presence of an army of between thirty and forty thousand men.

In Britain itself, the communistic organisations of the working classes were spreading all over the kingdom; the mercantile interest was paralysed by the bursting of the mining bubble of the preceding year; while the minds of the more religious and respectable of the community were aghast at the late disclosures of the extent to which atheism and the most horrible licentiousness had taken possession of the masses of the people. The war of sects also raged with unabated violence; while above all rose the cry of the Protestant and Catholic controversialists, the party of the latter daily growing in numbers and audacity, notwithstanding the persecution and opposition it has of late encountered.

At this inauspicious moment the country was struck dumb one morning by a declaration of war on the part of the Emperor of the French, provoked, it is said, by the taunts and attacks of the English press, and encouraged by the rage of the French people at the attacks daily made in London upon them and their Government. We need not recapitulate the events which then crowded upon one another with bewildering speed: how the orders from the Admiralty flew to our naval stations, and summoned home every available steamer and ship of war; how every soldier that could be spared from Ireland and from the north was hastened up to London and the southern coast; how the Parliament, with thundering acclamations, voted every thing that the minister demanded; how, when it was quickly known that 150,000 men were collecting on the French coast, and the entire body of the French marine was evidently preparing to transport them to our shores, the whole country rang with military preparations; how the militia were called out, fresh regiments raised (or rather recruited for,—for unhappily a few days were found insufficient for the manufacture of real soldiers), and every precaution taken that time would allow.

Nor need we recur to the issue of these preparations, or detail how, after several false alarms, the Channel fleet was cruising within a few miles of the French shore, in the fullest expectation of an engagement with the foe, when a storm of unexampled violence from the south-west, raging for a whole day and a night, drove all but a few of the largest steamers far away to the eastward, the French fleet lying meanwhile secure in port; and how, finally, the moment the storm lulled, a few hours sufficed to transport 70,000 men to the shores of Sussex. Then, indeed, a brief respite was given us; for the moment the news of their landing was known, the rails on every line

leading from the south to London were taken up for a mile or two, so that the invaders had no resource but to march on London in the old-fashioned way. Before advancing, however, on the metropolis, the French army marched to Portsmouth, the weather being now perfectly calm, and their fleet sailing to the same destination. The issue of the attack is too well known.

On the very day that the invading army reached the town, the British fleet came up with the French, and an engagement took place almost at the very mouth of the harbour. A more bloody sea-fight rarely has been fought, ending in the capture of five French men-of-war and the destruction of others, though with a severe loss to ourselves. In the conflict, however, a burning ship drifted directly into the mouth of the harbour, still crowded with vessels of every size and kind, and many of them stationed at the harbour's mouth to watch the progress of the engagement. The flames of the burning vessel soon spread, the conflagration became general, and in the course of the day the most awful destruction of our mercantile marine took place which the annals of England record.

Meanwhile the besieging army commenced operations; and, incredible to relate, owing to the consternation produced by the fire in the harbour, on the following night Portsmouth was in possession of the French army. Their course was soon taken, and their plan in attacking Portsmouth made evident. The stores were their object; for without a day's delay they marched upon London, and in four days' time they had reached the western suburbs, with a formidable park of artillery, of which two-thirds came from Portsmouth. Defence was out of the question. There were not 30,000 British troops in the metropolis, which lay open for destruction at every point. A few hours sufficed to shew us our fate. Marshal —, who was in command of the invading army, lost no time in giving intimation to our Government, that unless they would consent instantly to treat, he would bombard the City and the West-end of London without mercy, and take means for setting fire to the immense crowds of shipping at present collected in the Thames below London Bridge. There was clearly no alternative but to submit, at least, to commence negotiations; the more so, as intimation had been received that a fresh body of French troops had already effected a landing, and that detachments were stationed on the French coast, each one ready to start across the Channel whenever a chance might offer for escaping the British fleet. Marshal — was, further, well aware that in entering into negotiations he was running no immediate risk, as his army doubled the garrison of London,

and the agitation in Ireland and elsewhere rendered its sudden increase impossible. Preliminaries, accordingly, were entered into, our government trusting that, whatever their present difficulties, the spirit of the British nation would never submit to so daring an insult, and that in the end not a Frenchman would leave our soil alive.

Unhappily the French Emperor had too well calculated the time of his declaration of war to allow these hopes to be realised. The most formidable difficulties beset the English Government the moment they began to attempt to rouse the spirit of the people. Though the upper and middle classes of England, as a body, were boiling with fury at the invasion, and the most splendid offers of money were made by many of the mercantile and noble classes, it was speedily apparent that the commercial body of the country, as a whole, would demand peace at any price. The prostration of the monied and manufacturing interests was already so lamentable, that any further pressure upon them could not fail to be productive of fatal results; and within two days of the French march upon London not less than one-quarter of the London bankers stopped payment. Panic spread in every direction, and every post was bringing fresh bad accounts from Ireland and the north, when a new impulse was given to the general alarm by two startling incidents. A truce had been agreed upon for seven days between the French and English commanders, the former having given distinct notice that on its expiration he should instantly commence hostilities, if no extension of the truce had been previously agreed upon. His game was well known to be this: that he would allow a *certain* delay to take place, in order to permit the elements of national disorder now harassing us to work their full result, without suffering any such prolonged postponement of hostilities as would give us time to recover our energies. With us, on the contrary, a lengthened delay was every thing. A permanent conquest of Great Britain was of course not to be thought of; but it would have been sufficient for the purpose of France if she could reduce us to the level of a second-rate power, by forcing on us a humiliating peace, breaking the connexion between the colonies and the mother country, and by permanently damaging our mercantile and manufacturing prosperity.

Hence Marshal — resolved to lose no time in bringing matters to a crisis. The moment the truce was expired,—and through an accident it expired without provision for its renewal,—he prepared to give us a foretaste of the horrors he could inflict upon us in the course of a few days if we drove him to extremities. Five minutes after the expiration of the

truce he commenced throwing shells into two distinct parts of the metropolis, the skill of the French artillerymen enabling them almost to strike any single building they desired. For three hours a storm of bomb-shells rained upon Belgravia and the district round St. Paul's Cathedral, in the latter spot the shells being evidently aimed at the sacred building only. At the end of that time, Belgrave Square, Eaton Place, and the whole neighbourhood, were a heap of ruins; the dome of St. Paul's had totally disappeared, and the shattered walls of the cathedral alone remained, several houses in the proximity being also in flames.

No tongue can tell the amazement and fury of the people at this their first experience of the devastations of war. The lives lost were comparatively few, though some hundreds were slain before they could fly from the devoted spots. From every quarter cries for an instant assault on the French camp resounded throughout the city; but it was so manifest that its only consequence would have been a general bombardment of the whole metropolis, that the Commander-in-chief could not entertain the idea for a moment: and what can an unarmed and unmilitary population, even amounting to a million and a half, do against a fierce and well-disciplined army of 70,000 men?

At the end of three hours the bombardment ceased, and the French commander himself proposed the renewal of negotiations, with a threat that he would throw his shells among the shipping in the river and on the Bank of England, unless negotiations were instantly recommenced and carried on with the utmost vigour. What could be done in such an emergency? We had no alternative but to submit.

The next day a rumour got abroad which, if possible, struck more alarm into men's minds than the bombardment of St. Paul's and Belgravia, and which we have too good reason to know to have been well founded. The most serious doubts began to be felt as to the fidelity of large portions of the British army. It appears that the angry displays of Protestant feeling of the last few years, and the persecutions (petty as *we* may consider them) to which the Irish Catholic people and soldiery have been subjected, have been silently irritating the Irishmen among the troops (and they form no inconsiderable part of the whole) to an unexampled extent. Besides this, it is vain to attempt to conceal the fact that Socialism numbers its converts by thousands in the British army, and that it is accompanied by a spirit of disaffection to existing institutions which renders its adherents comparatively insensible to the national insult just received from the here-

ditary enemy of the British nation. Still further, it is well known that the feelings of these portions of the army are shared by a frightfully large part of the population of the metropolis. The insults which have of late been so frequent towards the professors and clergy of Catholicism, the commercial and domestic persecution which many of them have suffered, the destruction a few weeks ago of two of the metropolitan Catholic churches by a mob, instigated by a few hot-headed ultra-Protestant ministers, together with the unceasing fire of ridicule and abuse directed by the British press against the Romish hierarchy and priesthood, have so utterly alienated the minds of the Irish poor in London, and of many of the more influential of the English Catholic body (heretofore so distinguished for its loyalty), that they make no secret of the apathy with which they regard the struggle between France and that Protestant British Government, which they regard as their own deadly and implacable foe. Add to this the undisguised Socialism of multitudes of the non-Catholic mechanics and labourers; and we see in a moment the fearful emergency at which the destiny of England has arrived.

So soon as the British Government (ever slow to discern the most manifest facts) was convinced of the absolute necessity for tranquillising the Irish portion of the army in England, and of setting Ireland herself at rest, so as to allow of the recall of the greater part of the regiments now stationed there, it is understood that communications were made without delay to certain well-known members of the Romish hierarchy and priesthood, both in England and Ireland, with a view to obtain their co-operation in securing the peace of Ireland and the fidelity of the Irish soldiery. We are told that the persons consulted were unanimous in their replies. They informed the Government that, whatever their personal feelings, they could do nothing with the Catholic people until the great sources of irritation were removed. When asked what they meant by this, they answered that nothing less than the repeal of all the penal laws, and the destruction of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, would be sufficient to pacify the people. The coolness, not to say the audacity of this proposal, was too much for the gentlemen who represented the Government on this occasion, and the interview was somewhat abruptly terminated; and the affair dropped for the time.

Meanwhile the negotiations with the French Commander-in-chief were procrastinated to the utmost possible extent, though several times on the point of being broken off, when on a sudden the movements of our Government were quick-

ened by the increase of our own internal difficulties. Notwithstanding the unparalleled efforts made in all parts of the kingdom to raise volunteer regiments, to place the militia on a serviceable footing, and to double the numbers of the regular army, it was as yet impossible to think of meeting the French in the open field. The rigid discipline also enforced by Marshal —, which prevented the slightest irritation of the population through misconduct of the French soldiery, tended to diminish the fury aroused by the mere presence of the invading army; so that a spirit of *calculation* pervaded all ranks of English society to an extent which would previously have been thought impossible. At length, when the patience of the French commander seemed worn out, and the drilling of the new British troops was supposed to be nearly completed, the most disastrous news arrived from Canada. The entire provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were said to be in direct revolt; the moment the intelligence of the invasion of England had reached Montreal, the signal for insurrection was given, and within two days the governor had taken refuge in a war-steamer. A provisional government was in process of formation, the loyal party was absolutely crushed, and with the aid of the ultra-democratic exiles from France, the whole provinces were being stirred up to a willing rebellion. What the revolutionary party proposed, was not yet known; one thing alone was certain, that adherence to the English throne was not thought of; and the only question was between fraternisation with the United States, and the erection of an independent Canadian Republic. Bloody conflicts had been fought between the insurgents and the British troops, but it was every day becoming more difficult for the latter to hold any place in the country.

This disastrous news, though scarcely unexpected, communicated a resistless shock to the monied and trading interests in London, Liverpool, and elsewhere in England. Failure after failure of merchants and bankers was announced in swift succession; the run upon the Bank of England for gold, which had commenced from the moment of the declaration of war, induced a stoppage of cash-payments, which, necessary as it was, precipitated the commercial crisis, and compelled one house after another to declare itself bankrupt; and it was openly talked of that there was a doubt as to whether the Treasury would be in a condition to pay the next quarter's dividends in full.

Meanwhile the debates in Parliament grew more stormy every sitting. Notwithstanding the usual unanimity felt by all Englishmen in determination to shed their last drop of

blood in resisting a foreign enemy, it was too evident that a strong party were impressed with a sense of the frightful injury which the prolonged presence of the French army might inflict on the resources of the country, and were prepared to make considerable sacrifices for the sake of crushing them at once. Ireland was the theme to which the Opposition speakers incessantly returned. The communications which had passed between the Romish prelates and the Government were well known, and the demands made by the former began to wear a new aspect in the eyes of the most conservative of statesmen. The Opposition then threatened to introduce a bill for the destruction of the Irish Establishment; and the Government fearing to be behindhand, without a word of further communication with the Romish prelacy, in one night brought in bills for the abolition of the penal laws (permitting of course the assumption of the ecclesiastical titles forbidden in the law of 1851), and for the secularising the whole of the property of the Irish Church Establishment, saving a sufficient portion to supply very moderate incomes to such of the Protestant clergy as possessed numerous flocks under their superintendence. A violent debate followed, especially on the Establishment measure; but the bill was read a first time the same night, and on the following day the second reading was carried and the House went into committee. The ministry wisely insured the support of a large party, both in and out of doors, by proposing that the Church property to be secularised should be applied in the first instance to paying the expenses of the war, and *afterwards, when convenient*, should be funded for the purposes of general secular education, a sum equivalent to that which the war should swallow up being raised by special taxation.

We are not in a position to state what further, or whether any, negotiations took place between the Catholic prelacy and the ministry with reference to these measures, but certain it is, that so soon as they had been carried by triumphant majorities through the Lords and Commons, twenty thousand troops left Ireland for London, and recruiting went on with astonishing rapidity among the Irish, both in their own country and in London, Liverpool, and other cities where they are so largely congregated. It is evident, in fact, that the position of the Roman Church is no longer what it was in these countries. Common sense and common justice have at length triumphed in Ireland; and we shall ourselves rejoice to set an example of true Christian toleration to our fellow-Protestants, by abstaining from all vilification of the Catholic faith, however erroneous we may conscientiously deem it. We cannot do without the Catholics; and we had much better have them for our

friends than for our foes. We understand that the Archbishop of Westminster and his English colleagues have unanimously rejected all offers on the part of the English Government with respect to any connexion with the state, pecuniary or otherwise, and that this determination is participated by the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and the Irish Catholic hierarchy.

The effect of these measures was soon manifest. Within a week after the destruction of the Irish Establishment, the army of London nearly equalled that of the invading forces; and but for one consideration a battle must have been fought, with what issue no Englishman can doubt. We dared not, however, attack the French army, for Marshal — had signified to the ministry that at the first signs of preparation he would bombard and set fire to every part of London indiscriminately. No pen can describe the conflict of passion and feeling that raged in the popular mind when the state of the case became generally known. Though burning to wipe out the national insult in the blood of slaughtered Frenchmen, few were so lost to all power of reflection as to provoke so fatal a blow to the power of England. What would the annihilation of seventy thousand, or twice seventy thousand of her soldiery be to France, in comparison with the annihilation of the prosperity of England, through the conflagration of London, with its shipping, its buildings, its treasures, its archives, and, perhaps worst of all, its business-documents of every species? With the loss of Australia and Canada, which had now become morally certain; with the certainty of prolonged hostilities and an overwhelming expenditure of blood and treasure in India; with the disastrous condition of our manufacturing interests, through the successful rivalry of the German, French, and Belgian manufacturers,—it was evident that the culminating point of England's glory and prosperity had been reached and was already passed, and that *prudence* alone could save us from absolute degradation. With London in ashes, and an enormous army in France ready to sail at any moment to our shores; with Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull open to bombardment from any foreign fleet which by the aid of steam could gain a single day's advantage of our own squadrons,—a new fact became frightfully manifest to us all. That very abundance and magnificence of our sea-port and river cities, wherein lay the whole strength of our mercantile and marine greatness, had laid us open to something very like annihilation the moment our power upon the seas ceased to be literally *supreme*.

These considerations, then, weighing with the ministry, and being pressed in secret with clamorous urgency by all the monied classes of the country, what could we do, when the hos-

tile armies stood almost face to face prepared for battle? The bloody revenge we should have taken upon the invaders would have been purchased by national suicide. A treaty was our only rational alternative; and the preliminaries of that treaty were therefore speedily settled. Strange as it may seem, we believe that its chief article relates to the liberty of the press in England, though of course its real terms are not yet known. Certain it is, that a treaty is so far concluded, as to allow the admission (under certain restrictions) of large bodies of French troops into different parts of the metropolis; and certain it is, that our Government has found it impolitic to insist upon reparation for the horrible outrage perpetrated upon the conductors of this journal, an outrage which, as we have said, we *dare* not stigmatise in the terms it deserves.

What may be the final issue of the war, hitherto so disastrous to our prosperity and glory, no eye can foresee; but we fear it is futile to hope that England, now incontestably reduced to the second scale of European nations, will immediately recover the glorious rank she so lately held, and which she has lost, not through any faults of her people, but through the madness of her rulers. Well, indeed, may France be satisfied, though she has gained so little by the positive terms of the treaty. She remains what she was, with the glory accruing to her from her successful advance on London; and her most dreaded rival has fallen to the rank of a second-rate power."

MURDER IN ENGLAND AND IN IRELAND.

WHO killed Mr. Bateson? "Dr. Cullen," replies the Protestant Briton.

In this question and answer we have in brief the popular sentiment with regard to Ireland and the Catholic religion. The process of reasoning by which "the most sensible nation in the world" arrives at this conclusion, may likewise be compressed in a few words. "Popery," it runs, "absolves men from all crimes, especially against Protestants, in confession; Popery also forbids the cultivation of the intellect, and fosters idleness and its attendant poverty; Popery, by its degrading superstitions, has reduced the Irish people to the depths of brutality and sensuality, and rooted out their natural conscience; Dr. Cullen is the chief upholder of this debasing system, opposing all knowledge, trampling on the majesty of Par-

liament, hating Protestantism and Protestants, and seeking only the advancement of priestcraft and superstition; *consequently* Dr. Cullen is virtually the murderer of Mr. Bateson."

Who can be familiar with the common talk and feelings of Protestant Englishmen and Irishmen, and not perceive that this is, on the whole, a true picture of their mode of accounting for the agrarian assassinations of Ireland? They see that these atrocities are almost unknown in Protestant England, and that they are far from unknown in Catholic Ireland. "Is not, then," they say, "their origin palpable to the simplest capacity? Evidently, Popery does it all. What *else* can account for the difference between the countries, governed by the same Queen and Parliament, and speaking the same language? If Popery is *not* the true assassin of landlords and agents, *what is*?"

We are not now about to enter on the general question of the comparative influence on morals of Protestantism and Catholicism, or to vindicate the confessional and the Archbishop of Armagh. We desire only to call the attention of reasonable Protestants, whether in England or Ireland, to the *real* contrast which exists between the popular crimes of Ireland and the popular crimes of England. If the two religions *are* to be judged by the number and character of the murderers in the two countries, *which* will prove to be the more ferocious and diabolical? Looking, then, to facts, it is impossible to deny that the stain of blood-shedding lies in tenfold deeper dye on the people of England than on the people of Ireland. If it is a horrible crime to shoot a landlord, even a tyrannous one, or a tithe-proctor, or a land-agent, the enormity is *comparatively* little in presence of those incredibly revolting crimes which not a week passes without our hearing of in different parts of prosperous Protestant England.

Landlord-killing, then, undoubtedly is a mortal sin in the sight of God, as it is a capital crime in the eyes of man. A person who deliberately assassinates another, even his greatest enemy, is a murderer. But though all murder is damnable, there are degrees of guilt even in murder; one murder is a proof of a far deeper depravation of the soul than another, though both are deserving of capital punishment on earth and eternal punishment in hell. There are circumstances in which the provocation may be so vehement, and the confusion of ideas on the liberty of self-preservation so bewildering, as to reduce the actual *guilt* of the criminal to the lowest degree of enormity possible in the perpetrator of deliberate slaughter. Nobody denies this, unless his passions are so aroused as to render him blind to the dictates of common sense, like a thorough Protestant judging an Irish assassin.

Granting, then, the eternally unjustifiable wickedness of these hideous Irish crimes, are we not compelled by facts to admit that in their case a degree of palliation does exist, which is rarely to be met with in crimes of a similar stamp under other circumstances? Of course we are not saying that this palliation, miserable as it may be, is to be alleged for all Irish agrarian atrocities. There may be examples in which the exhibition of depravity is as black as in any instance of murder which the records of human society present. We speak only of these atrocities as a class, when we allege that if any thing could excuse so awful a crime, the provocations which the Irish peasantry have endured would do so. Torments almost defying human nature to endure have combined with an unhappy confusion of ideas on the subject of law and justice, to stimulate men to take the lives of their fellow-creatures, while their *hearts* have remained far less seared with the passions of hell than is the case in the average of English murderers.

Step into the inside of that cottage, or hovel, at the extremity of this long straggling village in the county of ——. It is hardly a fit habitation for a decent English pig, yet its roof covers a half-starving family; and it is but one out of a hundred others in the same village, all wretched, all crowded with the poor, the sick, the famished, and the dying. The plots of land around and in the neighbourhood of the hovels are nearly desolate. Dirt, neglect, ignorance, and the potato-blight have stamped a visible curse on the place and its people. Some cannot pay their rent, some will not; some can and some will, but they are not improving tenants, only ragged, filthy, dung-heap-loving denizens of the soil, and the landlord loves them not.

Be it how it may, however, *all must go*. The landlord or his agent has decreed it, and against his law there is no appeal. If there is misery in the hovels, there is death without them; but what of that? The village is a nuisance, and a nursery (so says the agent) of idle vagabonds. In that last house the man's old mother lies dying; her mind is already gone, but her physical frame may yet endure for days or weeks. If she leaves this hut, where will she go? To the roadside, to die like a dog.

The whole village is in deep agitation, for the morning is arrived for *the eviction of the whole population*. The officers of the law are seen in the distance; they come near. Complaints, reproaches, entreaties, curses, threats, all are showered on them; in vain. The work goes on; the first house is unroofed; the dying woman is borne away by her maddened son, his children crying and moaning around him. One after an-

other the bleak winds of heaven are let in upon the dismantled hearths; a whole people are cast homeless and penniless on the world; and, as the last thatch is torn away, the aged woman yields her latest breath.

What avails it to remonstrate with her raging son, while his wife and children are weeping and shivering around, and the falling rain beats on the uncovered corpse of his dead mother? What is this, in *his* eyes, but an outrage on all law and justice? What has he ever known of law and justice exercised *on his behalf*, that he should believe he is living in a civilised and Christian land, where laws exist, and have a claim on his obedience? "Is Ireland," he argues, though in his own rude way, "a country in which any authority exists, or is it a place in which anarchy reigns, and every man must take the redress of grievances into his own hands? If law exists, where are its results? In the penal statutes which forbade the education of the people under frightful penalties? In the insolence, tyranny, and exactions of that Protestant Establishment which the people disown and abhor? In the absenteeism of its landlords, and the petty despotism of its middle-men? If there is law in Ireland, what is it," thinks the miserable outcast, "that has made me what I am? Poverty, drunkenness, idleness, ignorance have been *forced* upon me; and am I now to be punished for these things, to be driven out like a wild beast, and to see my wife and children starve, my mother murdered at my threshold?"

What, let us ask, is the natural conclusion drawn by an infuriated man from such reasonings as these, when the love of God is not sufficiently strong in his heart to strengthen him to endure all things? Is not the deed of the next night to be expected? The agent is riding along the high road; the travellers to and fro are many; at a sudden turn two men rush from behind a hedge, one seizes the horse's bridle, another blows out the rider's brains. A score of persons hear the shot, and start, and stand to listen. The murderers walk quietly through the midst of them, and words of recognition pass rapidly from one to another; but none touch the shedders of blood, who disappear at their leisure, and are no more to be found. Days and weeks go by, and no effort and no reward succeeds in securing the guilty men; and not a soul of those who almost saw the deed done will admit that they have the smallest suspicion as to the real murderers. There is a wild, fierce, deep, ineradicable conviction in the minds of the people, that the slaughter of the agent *was not a murder, but an act of justice*. They conceal their knowledge; if they dared, they would palliate the deed; though if an ordinary

English murder were perpetrated by one of themselves, they would rush to seize the criminal, and give him over to the hangman; because, in their eyes, the agrarian and lawless outrage began with their masters, and the murderers are only acting in justifiable self-defence.

"But," exclaims the horror-struck reader, "these Irish murders are so diabolically cold-blooded, so cruelly brutal, so dastardly in their cowardice. None but Irishmen could be guilty of *such* atrocities."

Nonsense insufferable! As to their circumstances, they vary; some being simple murders, and others attended by revolting additional barbarities. And is not this the case with English murders also? As to cowardice, does the murderer *ever* ask his victim to stand up in a fair fight? Did Thurtell, Burke, Rush, Tawell, or Manning, or any one of the bloody crew, do any thing else but plot silently against his victim, and slaughter him like a sheep when he had him in his power? The ferocity and the other aggravating circumstances which belong to Irish agrarian outrages, are found in all murders, as a class, in every country and every age.

Come now to these happier shores, where for 300 years Elizabethan Christianity has held almost undisputed sway, and the amenities of social life are cultivated to their purest perfection, under the benign influence of the fifteen thousand married gentlemen who, in clerical guise, are supposed to civilise and soften the urban and agricultural mind, till their parishes assume an almost paradisaical blessedness. Any chance newspaper will supply the illustrations we need; there is no necessity for long research into the annals of justice. The last-published weekly journal will probably have a list of some four or five murders, not, like the Irish crimes, perpetrated under a wild sense of retribution, or even of revenge, but *upon children, women, wives, husbands, fathers*, with deliberation, with calculation, and for purposes so utterly passing all ordinary limits of human depravity, that it would seem as if the devil himself had become incarnate in the murderers' persons. Here, in one place, it is the wife who is the victim; destroyed with circumstances of violent brutality so disgusting as not to bear detail. There, the wife has been putting poison in her husband's food. Here, it is a youth stabbing or drowning a girl upon whom, until now, his dearest affections have been fixed. There, again, it is a maiden's jealousy prompting her to take her lover's life. Here, a human demon dashes an infant to the floor, and beats it till it dies. There—most horrible of all horrible crimes—it is the most sacred and tender of all natural ties that is rent asunder; and for weeks, months,

years, it is the mother's own hand that prepares the subtle instrument of death; and for the sake of the fees of a burial-club, infant after infant perishes at the will of the author of its existence.

Honourable, candid, religious-minded Protestants! turn to facts like these, and say what is their frightful significance. You shudder at the recital of some startling Irish atrocity, and denounce the murderers as they deserve; and in your secret souls you thank God that you were born in a Protestant land, where these things are unknown. For a moment, then, be fair, even to Catholic and discontented Ireland. Does Ireland shew *such* enormities as our own English towns and villages almost weekly unfold? Are the most binding ties of humanity there violated by such crimes as these? Are the murderers those who sit by the hearth and share the affections of their victims? Do Irish mothers poison their children for gain? Granting *all* the atrocity of these agrarian horrors, can you, with any pretence at reason, class them with the murder of father, mother, wife, or child? Is it worse to kill a man for revenge than to kill him for money? Is it worse to shoot a man from behind a hedge than to mix poison in his dish while he sits by your side and smiles on you with love or friendship?

Far be it from us to say that the Catholic religion has done for the Irish poor all that is possible. Yet what could it do more? If the Irish Catholic Church has not done all she herself desires, and which you now reproach her for not doing, with whom is the blame? Who has persecuted her, trampled on her, robbed her, reviled her, outlawed her, and striven, by all the artifices of legal and social craft, to make her an outcast from the face of the land which has refused to forget her? *Your* creed has been for nearly 300 years all but universal in England, and dominant in Ireland. What has it done? In Ireland it has had power, wealth, and rank; in England it has had all these, and the allegiance of the people besides. *All* that man could give it, it has possessed alike in both countries; but the heart of the poor it never won in Ireland. Judge the two creeds then, if you will, by the crimes in the two lands; but judge them by the real crimes and by their true atrocity. If you will look at facts, you can but come to one opinion. Poor, desolate, disorganised, helpless, excitable, passionate, quarrelsome, and stained with occasional ferocious blood-shedding, the Irish poor are less ignorant than the herds of "barn-door savages" who throng the agricultural districts of England; their women are infinitely more chaste—and if their women, then also their men—than the English poor; they drink less than the people of proud, puritan Scotland; they endure fa-

mine and pestilence with a patience miraculous even in the eyes of their bitterest enemies; and hideous as are the Irish murders which from time to time affright us, they are very much less frequent in proportion to the relative populations of the two countries, and far less indicative of a deep-seated corruption of the human heart, than the crimes which week after week are perpetrated in the fields, the villages, the towns, and the cities of anti-Catholic England.

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

CHAPTER III. *The Fortune-Teller.*

THE apartment into which Kattie was introduced by Mrs. Carty was that already described as occupied by Sheehan and his wife, forming, in fact, the attic-story of the Large House, two rooms of the floor being rented by the fortune-teller already mentioned, and by her let out ready-furnished to the persons enumerated in her address to Norry. The back room, which was so contracted that the two small beds which constituted its sole furniture almost touched each other, was tenanted by the Sheehans and "Sullivan's girl," a bold artful lass, whose days were lounged away in the court doing nothing, and who had left her parents' "place" on account of her father's strong objection to the "dance," which formed Nelly Sullivan's evening occupation, and was stretched so far into the night as on more than one occasion to compel Nell to pass the time on the stairs, until her mother went to the "walk," the paternal door being locked against her. To this the girl's companions advised her by no means to submit; and as they were warmly seconded by Florry Daly, with whom she had formed a fellowship, Nelly determined to consult Mrs. Carty, the great oracle of the "Buildings." The girl's locating herself with the old woman was the result of this mysterious interview; and it soon became the current gossip, that ere long "Florry Daly and Nell Sullivan would make a match of it." 'Tis true, the wiser portion of the inhabitants shook their heads, "hoped it ud come to good;" whilst Sheehan was heard to express his conviction that "Florry was too cute to hang such a log at his heels for life." Yet, in defiance of these opinions, Daly's attentions continued in the true Irish style, teasing, quarrelling, and coaxing, until Nelly regarded him as her exclusive property, and was disposed to look with no favourable eye on any

who might be so hardy as to monopolise the slightest degree of his favour.

This was the person whose couch the poor, innocent, confiding Kattie was to share, and to whom she was therefore particularly introduced on joining the group assembled round the embers of Mrs. Carty's smouldering fire. Intuitively shrinking from the reckless, repulsive countenance which met her gaze, her eyes gladly rested on that of the slumbering Mary, who, exhausted by labour, had fallen asleep on a low settle, her head resting against the wall, and presenting as marked a contrast to her fellow-lodgers as it was possible to imagine in those of one country, almost the same town. In the meantime Sheehan busied himself nursing the child, taking his short pipe every now and then from his mouth to indulge in a deep-drawn sigh, a tribute to his recent misfortunes; and two inverted fruit-baskets on either side of the grate were occupied, the one by "ould Biddy Sarchfield," the other by blind Murphy, whose grandson had not yet returned from hawking lucifers about the squares, &c., for the convenience of cigar-smokers; from the proceeds of which lucrative trade, eked out by the old man's parish allowance of half-a-crown weekly, the pair chiefly derived their support. In one corner of the room were some five or six noisy young Flanaghans, clustering round their mother (who had just returned from a day's work), peeping into her capacious pocket and large basket to see if they contained any thing edible; for, "barring the half-loaf father left when he went out to look for a job, they had eaten nothing all day." The young Burkes and Daly were out for a "spree;"—so that, of Mrs. Carty's seventeen permanent lodgers (the child was not counted), five were absent, a circumstance which caused that social hostess, as she prepared two cups for herself and Kattie, to fear "they'd have a dull evenin' of it." In this Nell Sullivan fully acquiesced; whilst Kattie, tired and hungry, silently swallowed the scraps of bread and black nauseous-looking liquid proffered for her acceptance.

"You'll like the taste of the tay betther whin you're used to it," said Mrs. Carty encouragingly. "Why, what a Gracian the child is!"

"Wait till I git a drop of milk," said Mary Sheehan, whose pretty eyes were now opened, producing a little bottle full of a thin blue-looking liquid, which Kattie would never have mistaken for the beverage in question, although the Londoners pay for it dearly, and swallow it with avidity.

"Ah, Mary dear, ye can afford to be ginerosus," leered Mrs. Carty, with a provoking significance, which roused Pat from his apathetic indifference.

"What's that you mane, mother Carty?" he inquired, nettled by this covert attack on his wife; "it's neither just nor ginerous the likes of you iver was, as I'm tould."

"Hould your tongue, Pat, you omadhaun, and don't be afther gitting yersilf into a scrape," said Mary, with a look which her husband did not think it prudent to disregard. Mrs. Carty, who stood in some awe of Mrs. Sheehan, hastened to change the conversation.

"Who's for a little business to-night?" she inquired, shuffling a dirty pack of cards, whilst at the same moment she peered into an empty tea-cup. "Come, Nell Sullivan, crass me hand with silver, an I'll tell you your wish, an what's past, an what's to be, an about the dark man, an ——"

"Now, none of your witch doings here, mother Carty," interrupted Sheehan. "Sure an how can ye go to the Mass on Sundays with a clane conscience, an you acting divil-worshipper all the week?"

"You didn't call me divil-worshipper whin you were coorting Mary," answered Mrs. Carty, in what she intended for a most insinuating tone; "an didn't I tell you thrue, Pat?"

"If you did, it was divil's work, all one," said Mrs. Sheehan; "an he'll have you one day for your pains, mother Carty. Didn't you rave and storm whin you got the fright tother night, and vowed you'd niver airn anither pinny, but go to the duty and live like a Christian? An what'll the tachers of the Pro-distant school in the Hollow say, about dolatry and shuperstition, whin they hear the childer talk about your doings?"

"The childer have no business there," answered Mrs. Carty, who was sufficiently severe when the failings of her neighbours were in question. "An that minds me, Mrs. Flanagan, I heard your husband say he'd break ivry bone in your body, if you sint the childer to the Hollow ony more. There's a school for thim in the Buildings, with plinty of taching for this world an the nixt; and Will said it's making liars and hypercrites of thim you are."

"I mint to tak thim away meesilf nixt week," retorted the lady addressed, who was busily engaged thrusting masses of half-soaked bread into the mouth of a sickly-looking infant: "they're growing too big now; and I'd be sorry they'd lose their own religion, an git ane that's jist nothing at all in its room."

"Well," said old Murphy, for the first time joining in the conversation, "whin you're as ould as me, childrin, eighty-two come nixt month, an have been dark for twinty years, ye'll be sorry ye ivir filled the belly to pinch the sowl. Don't the Protestants shame you to your very face? don't they buy the chil-

der from you? don't they tache thim to laugh at you? don't they write books about your clargy? An can ye blame thim? —not at all! You desave the crathers, an are big thraitors to your own sowl into the bargain."

"You're right, Murphy," answered Biddy Sarchfield; "an so is Sheehan about the fortin-telling. Didn't Moll Carty promise Father Morgan, whin he came to see me tother day, she'd nivir handle a card again? Sure an it's meeself knows enuff of the power of the divil. Wasn't me first cousin, Cornelius O'Callaghan, killed by the Evil Speerit, becace he wanted to pass a running sthrame, I'd like to know?"

"How was that? do tell us, Biddy!" exclaimed some five or six voices, whilst Mrs. Carty sat in sullen silence, dreading, yet not daring to gainsay the approaching tale.

"Why you see there was a witch in me native village who tould fortins (like Moll there), an thrue enuff they came too; she terpreted dhrames, an tould who sacked the hen-roosts, an set us all by the ears together. Well, the good praste warned her and warned her agin; but whilst ane of us ud giv her ony think, she'd tell our fortins till the place was too hot to hould us all. Now as ill luck would have it, there was an ould rich farmer had married a purty young girl, a schoolmate of me own; an the jealous fule wint to have *his* fortin tould wid the rest. What passed betwixt thim is unknownt; some say there were *three* in the company, for the shadow of a fine bushy tail was seen against the wall. But the farmer grew darker an darker ivry day, an one fine arternoon he sthruck his purty young wife a violent blow; it didn't kill her at onst, but she drooped iver afther, an died jist in the fall. Ivry body blamed the witch, an the girl's peepke thritened hard; an ud have been as good as their words, but she stole a march in the night, an rid the village of herself, as we hoped. Her husband was in furrin parts, an it seems she was near her time; for three days afther, as some of the boys were crassing a field jist by the sthrame, who should they see in the ditch but the witch quite dead, wid her child by her side, an of course it wasn't baptised. Praps it was the fright killed her; some say she strangled herself; howiver, peepke from that day wint a mile round rayther than crass the rinning sthrame, unliiss they were properly prepared. Of coorse all who wint to their duty and lived Chrestian lives had nothing to fear; they pessed to and fro over the little foot-bridge, and barring the shadow of a white doe which flitted before thim, nothing came of it: but with the ripribates it was anither thing; they came back so mauled and scratched, an could giv no count of thimselves, that for more than twelve months the path was quite desarted. At last my good-for-no-

thing cousin, in one of his dhrunken frolics, made a bet wid his wild companions that he'd crass the sthrame an tackle the witch; he'd consorted ofthen enuff wid her alive, an he was not the boy that ud fear her dead."

"An was he killed?" inquired Kattie, who had hung with breathless interest on every word which issued from old Biddy's shrivelled lips.

"All in good time," answered the story-teller, with no small delight at the attention evinced by her young auditor. "The comrades of Corney, who were as graceless as himself, swore he'd never do it, an they well nigh came to blows beforehand. My poor ould aunt cried an prayed, for he was her ownly child, an bad as he was, her ownly support too; but it was all one: the dhrink an contradiction made him mad, an the curses an blasphemies of him were awful to hear. Not one that saw Corney crass the paddock that night iver expicted that his would be the fut to brush the dew from the grass nixt morning. An we were not desaved: we prayed to the Blessed Vargin all that livelong night; but he had offinded her all his life wid his sins, an how *could* she intersade for him now? Well, to cum to an ind—Cornelius O'Callaghan niver came back; an afther a day or two, his head was seen sailing down the sthrame, bolt upright, an glaring ghastly enuff at us to be sure. The witch had limbed him, that's sartin; for his arms an legs were found by the bridge, an brought home to his poor mother, who burried thim as dacently as she could. Now of coorse this was very much talked of, an the graceless companions of Corney began to reform; they were seen oftener at Mass, an less at the village public, but not ane ud crass the bridge, an the field was deserted. Farmer Clooney couldn't git a man to plough it, though he offered double wages, an ud stand a noggin of whisky into the bargain. Now this put the farmer beside himsilf, for the field was ane of his best; so he waited on the parish priest, an asked him to be good enuff to lay the ghost. Father Derry listened kindly to Clooney's request, an though he was an ould man an not very strong, promised to crass the bridge afther nightfall, an thry wud he see ony think worse nor himsilf,—betther he could not, that's sartin. Well, Father Derry set out that very night; an we young ones all followed him at a distance, taking care to keep his track exactly. It was a bright moonlight night, an jist as we had half crassed the field, we saw something white crouching close to the ditch; this sint the life out on us. Such a screeching an skirling as there was to be sure! Back we all ran into our own cabins, or any one's else, it was all one; an we scarce raised our heads for more than an hour, when Father Derry

came back. He had not been quite alone though. There was a sort of half nat'ral in the village, who always stuck to the good praste's heels whiniver he had a chance; an as we were all too scared to look afther him, he had followed the whole way, an came back safe an sound. He was an innocent poor crathur, so praps that counts for it: at ony rate, we didn't mind him thin, for our eyes were stuck into Father Derry. His face was deadly pale, though he was ginerally ruddy for so ould a man, and there was something very sad about him whin he smiled, not like himself at all.

"'God bless you all, my children,' he said very faintly; 'go to rest now; the ghost'll niver thrubble you agin; an may this be a lesson to you niver to forget that the law of God forbids fortin-telling, an shuperstitious practices of all kinds whativer.' We were bursting with curiosity you may be sure, but none on us dared question Father Derry; an but for the omadhaun who had followed him, we'd be none the wiser to this day. At ony rate, the field was ploughed, the bridge was crassed, an the white doe was niver seen more; but no witch iver vintured to settle agin in the village of Knockeroghery, at laste in Father Derry's time,—an I came away jist afther he died, pace to his sowl!" Here the old woman crossed herself reverentially, and appeared for a few moments lost in deep reflection.

"Well but, Biddy," said Mary Sheehan eagerly, "did you never hear what passed between Father Derry and the ghost? do tell us."

"That's the very best part of the story, Mary," answered Mrs. Sarchfield; "an we'd have been ignorant of it to our dying day but for the omadhaun, who tould it in confidence to Farmer Clooney, who tould it to my mother, an she couldn't keep it ony how. Folks did say, howsomever, that the nat'ral was ownly putting his finger in our eyes for pastime; but we believed him: an why not? for ——"

"But what *did* happen?" once more interrupted Mary impatiently.

"Why, whin Father Derry came to the ditch, what should he see but a doe, as white—as white—as your new milk, Mary; an whin he came near, she jumped clane over and looked back, as much as to say, Follow me if you dare. The praste made no more to do, but afther her an away; she ran full gallop to the brink of the sthrame, jist at the fut of the little bridge.

"'You'll not crass that ony how, my lady,' said Father Derry. An sure enough she didn't; for she turned bolt round, and sat upright upon her hind-feet, wid her paws crassed

like a Christian, an her large eyes glaring in the praste's face.

“ ‘By your lave,’ said Father Derry very politely, and he laid houlth of her by the nape of the neck as a boy would dangle a kitten. ‘I have you now, you vicious ould witch; an how dare you torment the peeples, an limb Cornelius O’Callaghan, an ——’

“ ‘Cornelius O’Callaghan wasn’t prepared, or I’d have no power over him,’ answered the ghost, ‘an that you’re ware of, Father Derry; an now if you’ll let me go, I’ll not scathe you nor yours ony how.’

“ ‘You haven’t the power, or it’s not to your good-will I’m indebted ony how,’ said the praste angrily; ‘an I’ll not lit you go till you’ve given the word, that I know you daren’t break, niver to thrubble these parts agin; an if you don’t gree to that, I’ll sarve you ——’ an Father Derry whispered in its ear.

“ ‘Now don’t, don’t, Father Derry,’ shouted the ghost; ‘I’ll not hurt you nor yours.’

“ ‘That’ll not do,’ said the praste. An thin there was a deal said that the omadhaun couldn’t understand, till the witch scraited out as if in great pain,

“ ‘Don’t, don’t, Father Derry; I’ll promise.’

“ ‘An you’ll give me the token?’

“ ‘An I’ll give the token.’

“ ‘Will, thin, be quick about it,’ answered he, ‘and thin I’ll crass the bridge; and don’t let me find you here, marm, whin I return, that’s all.’ So saying, Father Derry loosened his hold, an the doe stood looking at him until the father became impatient, when the ground opened an in she popped; an out came a purty dove, who flew three times round the praste’s head, brushing his forehead at ivry turn, and thin out of sight in a minute; an by the same token Father Derry’s beautiful countenance was whitewashed to his dying day, an that, folks say, was hastened by the exartion of laying the ghost.”

A dead pause succeeded Biddy Sarchfield’s narration, during which Mother Carty slipped away the cards and busied herself in washing the tea-cups; Nell Sullivan hung her head; and Mrs. Sheehan looked significantly at her husband. While the tale was progressing, Flanagan’s baby had squalled itself to sleep, the Burkes and young Murphy had returned, and the two former now busied themselves in stowing away their wares for the night, and a basket of sprats and a rope of onions were thrust under one of the settle-beds, ready to be hawked on the morrow; whilst the women began to evince symptoms

of an early "retreat for the onst." "Where's that you're going, Nelly?" inquired Mary, as she spied the form of that young lady edging gradually towards the door, with an evident desire of avoiding observation; "it's too late intirely to be sneaking out in that manner, an meesilf an the Gracian are tired out, I'll vinture, ony how ——"

"I was ownly jist going out for a minute, Mrs. Sheehan, to ——"

"To watch Daly, I suppose," answered Sheehan, anxious to reinstate himself in his wife's good graces. "It's no go, girl, you're no mate for Florry; an I'll tell you, Nell, if you do go out, you don't cum into that room to-night, so that's plain, my lass."

This menace, which was backed by Mrs. Carty's threatening to lock-up, produced the desired effect. The picture of sullen ill humour, Nelly proceeded towards the "small room," already occupied by the Sheehans, followed in silence by the weary and spiritless Kattie. Sheehan had thrown himself down under the dirty rug, without undressing, and was already snoring audibly; Mary, having previously placed the sleeping child by his side, pushed a large box against the door. "There was no knowing, if the min were dhrunk, what ud be the up-shot." She then merely removed her gown, to save time in the morning, and speedily followed her husband's example. Kate paused a moment. This was indeed the bitterest trial of her life; her eyes filled with tears as memory led her back to the small but neat chamber of her humble home. Every feeling of modesty revolted at the thought of passing the night in the same room with one of the opposite sex, even though protected by the presence of his wife; and then there were the lawless revellers, from whom she was only separated by a crazy plank, and whom even Mary, initiated as she was, seemed to fear. Was this London, the El Dorado of her thoughts, the golden city of her day-dreams? She glanced at the crazy bedstead, worm-eaten and dirty; the bundle of filthy rags spread for her accommodation, which gave fair promise of being tenanted by a busy race who had for years flourished unmolested; but all this was literally nothing to the bold bad girl who was to share the couch of the pious unsophisticated Kattie, and for whom she felt an invincible repugnance,—a feeling returned with interest by Miss Sullivan, who took no pains to conceal her dislike. There was, however, no help for it now; so turning her back on her disagreeable companion, whose eyes she *felt* were still upon her, the girl knelt down, and drawing from her bosom a string of beads which had belonged to her dead mother, she fervently and humbly entreated "Mary,

the comforter of the afflicted," to intercede for her who had no earthly stay, no human friend. She thought of the stable of Bethlehem, of Mary's poverty, and was consoled; she thought of Mary's happiness, and hope once more reanimated her bosom; again, as she had done from childhood, she resolved to imitate Mary's favourite virtues, and by humility and purity to merit the protection of her beloved patroness, and the favour of her divine Son. Alas, Kate, why were you not ever thus? Does not the mountain violet best flourish in its obscurity, delighting by its simple loveliness, and an odour distinct from the enervating perfume of more brilliant flowers? Yet tear it from its native shade, transplant it to a richer soil, it either withers and dies beneath the first fervid rays of an unclouded sun, or if it survives the change, loses in intrinsic worth what it acquires in lustre and beauty. Such was the type of the poor Irish girl; vanity and self-reliance were the flaws of her mind's jewel. No marvel, then, it was utterly destroyed when exposed in the trebly-heated furnace of temptation.

Kate Gearey's devotion was somewhat rudely disturbed by her companion, who coarsely asked her if she meant to be playing the hypocrite there all night? brutally adding, "It's not *here* you'll make a count of it; try it on with the quality to-morrow; though praps it'll suit you best to turn swaddler for a time."

Poor Kate rose from her knees, and reluctantly followed Nelly's example, by slowly removing some articles of her upper clothing. Displacing her cap, she proceeded to arrange a shower of rich auburn hair, the sight of which converted Nell Sullivan's previous dislike into downright hatred; but before her object was attained, an incident occurred which rooted her where she stood, a very personification of terror and surprise. Had an Indian war-cry resounded through the comparatively quiet Buildings, its effect could not have been more electric, or its sound more appalling. Sleepers were awakened, drunkards sobered, and some business of enthralling interest was evidently on foot. Ere Sheehan had sprung to his feet, the slight barrier placed by Mary gave way, the door fell inwards with a crash, and the male inhabitants of the outer apartment rushed tumultuously in, eager to gain a post of observation from the window, which commanded a view of the whole Buildings. The women, less prudent or more curious, had at once rushed to the scene of action, an example eagerly followed by Nell Sullivan, and at last by Mary Sheehan.

"What is it?" inquired Flanagan.

"What is it?" asked the elder Burke. "What is it?"

re-echoed every one present; yet no one thought of volunteering a reply. A momentary pause ensued, when amongst the increasing tumult loud cries of "A deserter! A deserter!" were distinctly heard. This was enough; off went the men after their gentle better-halves (blind Murphy excepted), and Kate found herself and the still slumbering child the sole tenants of the little room. Our heroine, however, was a true daughter of Eve; her first fright over, she shook back her tresses and hastened to the window, opening her clear blue eyes with unfeigned astonishment at the scene which met their view. The court had literally poured forth its hundreds, women and children not excepted, whose scanty and ill-assorted attire afforded sufficiently evident proofs that they had quitted their beds to join the affray without bestowing any very superfluous attention on the elegancies of the toilette. A grotesque group of dames, whose charms had certainly passed their meridian, with in most cases bare legs, short petticoats, and coloured handkerchiefs tied under their chins, were strenuously exerting themselves about the centre of the Buildings, brandishing their brawny arms, dealing blows which would not have disgraced a prize-fighter, and showering a torrent of abuse in Irish on their opponents, mingled with occasional words of encouragement to some invisible object. To add to this Babel of sounds, the men, who lounged idly against the door-posts, and evidently avoided an active part in the affray, co-operated with their fair partners by clapping their hands, cheering, and giving about the same species of approbation as is bestowed by boys on a couple of snarling curs whom they are eager to bring to a "set-to" in good earnest.

The focus of attraction and mainspring of all this excitement was a body of men, whose dark-blue uniforms, bull's-eyed lanterns, and uplifted staves, pointed them out as the national guard of England, vulgarly styled policemen. On these the warlike fair ones seemed to expend their vigour; scratches, kicks, blows right and left, all the artillery of female warfare, were brought into full play. Unwilling to use their staves, the police, with exemplary patience, parried these attacks, and endeavoured to force their way towards the end of the Buildings, where the Large House was situated. It was all in vain; a compact female mass completely blocked the way, so close on each other's heels that to recede or advance was alike out of the question. Convinced of the impossibility of prosecuting their search, and fearful of a serious riot should the lords of the creation see fit to change their passive admiration into active participation, the police, with torn faces and aching sides, began to beat a retreat towards — street. Whilst the main

body were thus employed, one of the number, well acquainted with the locality, in short up to any thing, observed a something white stealing in a crouching attitude close to the walls of the houses towards the upper end of the court; aware of the thoroughfare, the veteran silently detached himself from his companions and followed, but not so secretly as to elude the vigilance of the deserter's protecting friends.

"Save yersilf, Tim; you're tracked! Have at him, boys!" were the sounds which now rent the air, awakening public attention to pursuer and pursued. Both stood erect and motionless for a second, when the latter, clearing the intervening space with a single bound, disappeared in the intricate mazes of the Large House. The policeman was not to be thus baffled; he followed, though with a slackened pace; the force again pressed forward, uneasy concerning their comrade; the men suddenly woke to life, staves were now *really* used, and the battle began in good earnest.

The window at which Kate Gearey had stationed herself did not command the entry of the house, and a heavy rapid tread behind her was therefore the first intimation she received of the asylum chosen by the deserter. Turning hastily round, she observed a man panting with exertion, who, regardless of her presence, busied himself in wheeling one of the bedsteads from the wall, and who, in spite of the imminent risk in which she conceived him to stand, was literally laughing.

"I have it now," he exclaimed, shaking open the remnants of a door, which had been concealed by the displaced article of furniture; "I have it now; if any of the peeples are asleep, I'll jist jump over them. Onst in the Hollow, I'll snap my fingers at the likes of them. Tell the peeler not to pitch into the ould well, girl, or it'll not be good for his helth ony how."

The disappearance of the speaker was followed by the entrance of his pursuer, who seeing no one but our heroine, naturally concluded she had been instrumental in the concealment of the fugitive. "What have you done with him, girl?" he inquired, turning his bull's eye in every direction; "do you know you are harbouring one accused of desertion and robbery?"

Kate knew nothing about it; and without reply, turned on him a look so full of bewilderment, that the veteran was inclined for a moment to believe her as unconscious as she appeared to be. His long habits of suspicion, however, soon chased away this favourable opinion; and convincing himself the girl's stupidity was merely assumed, he grasped her arm roughly, saying as he did so,

"Come, come, my lass, no more shams; I tracked him to

this room, and here he must be. At any rate, if he escapes, I shall take you to the station-house ; so come along."

The violent pull which accompanied these words completed the alarm of the terrified girl ; almost beside herself, she uttered shriek after shriek with a vehemence which almost startled the policeman.

" Hold your tongue, you noisy hussy, and tell me where the fellow is," he exclaimed in a somewhat softened tone ; but it was of no avail. Kate struggled and screamed more energetically than before, when a new actor appeared upon the scene. This was no other than Florry Daly, who, rather the worse for liquor, had followed the policeman into the Large House, and was (considering the character of the inhabitants) rather surprised at their being scared by the sight of a peeler.

The appearance of the young " Gracian" at once solved the mystery, and aroused the gallantry of Florry. The excessive yet childlike beauty of Kattie, her alarm, which he knew to be genuine, all went to his heart, and a well-aimed blow at the policeman's arm was the first announcement of his presence. The latter loosened his hold, and Kate would have sunk to the ground but for the protecting grasp of Florry. The springing of a rattle was now heard in an opposite direction, whilst at the same moment Mary Sheehan and Nelly Sullivan entered, and with one voice proclaimed, " The deserter had scaped down the Hollow, so they'd have some pace the remainder of the nite." The appearance of Kate produced an opposite feeling in the two women ; whilst it awakened every sympathy in the bosom of the kind-hearted Mary, Nell Sullivan, in whose heart every evil passion had been unlocked by the master-key of jealousy, cordially wished that the deathlike swoon of the now perfectly senseless girl might indeed prove her last.

CHAPTER IV. *The Cousins.*

ABOUT the same hour that terminated our heroine's first night's adventure in London, the last carriage rolled from the door of a mansion in Grosvenor Square ; and one of those dullest of all aristocratic dulnesses, a state-dinner, was brought to a close. The spacious saloon, with its glitter of lights and all the paraphernalia of wealth and fashion, was left untenanted save by four persons, who, however they differed in character and appearance, constituted the family of the Earl of Lindore, a nobleman distinguished not only for his services in the field and senate, but for his unbending adherence to the principles of " Church and State." In his private relations none bore a more unblemished character ; he was a scholar and a gentle-

man. In his public career he was even more fortunate,—the organ of a powerful political party, and so staunch a Protestant as to view with grudging suspicion, and even alarm, every movement which he was pleased to term a papistical inroad. In fact, the progress of Catholicism in England was the one bitter drop in the otherwise overflowing cup of Lord Lindore's felicity, and it was a drop of such intense bitterness as to poison the whole. Did he hear of the opening of a Catholic church, the reception of a solitary convert, his brow wore a cloud which nothing could dispel; and he would confidently prognosticate that the time was not far distant when his native land would be tenanted by Italian brigands, when High Mass would be again sung in Westminster Abbey, and the thunders of the Vatican fulminated from the precincts of St. James's.

Of course, in the Earl's extensive circle there lacked not those who would foster and echo such sentiments; nor did they confine themselves to mere words. A passion for proselytising seized the whole party; and the destitute condition of the "Irish in London" appeared to promise a plentiful harvest to the seeds scattered in every direction by the apostles of Protestantism. A short experience, however, sufficed to convince them that the Irish were not adapted for conversion. District ladies were employed, Bible-societies set in motion; but the ladies were imposed upon, the Bibles pawned; and although the commencement of a severe winter appeared favourable to their wishes, its close found all the "converts" just where they were, or rather more anti-Protestant than ever. With their offspring, at least as far as show was concerned, Lord Lindore succeeded better. Lending all his rank and influence, and what was of still more consequence, a large portion of his wealth, to the establishment of ragged-schools, he began to hope that however obstinate the present generation, the next would be indeed staunch Protestants. There was scarcely an Irish neighbourhood in London in which these juvenile soul-traps were not baited: bribes, exhortations, and all the usual machinery, were tried on the parents; and where they failed, rewards and flattery succeeded in making the children at once disobedient and hypocritical. Then there were reports read in Exeter Hall, circulars issued from the City Mission, in which the grossest calumnies were propagated, the Catholic priests loaded with ridicule, and the truth and charity of the very gospel they pretended to uphold trampled recklessly under foot. Yet, somehow or other, no radical cure was effected; the schools were rarely without Irish children, yet they came and went, and were in most cases removed by the parents directly they became old enough, as the teachers affirmed, to reap any benefit

from the sound scriptural instruction they were so eager to impart. The tracts were received, but never read; the Bible-readers met with open insult, or were listened to in silent contempt; and although the committee boasted continually of the number of *ci-devant* Papists which their schools contained, they were secretly convinced of the uselessness of their efforts, as far as they went, to convert the Irish. Perhaps they were not aware of a peculiarity possessed by that people in a pre-eminent degree, with all their faults (and I seek not their extenuation),—of their firm, perfect, and undying faith. Surrounded by poverty, by temptation, they cling to their religion as the drowning man does to a reed, and laugh to scorn any serious idea of making a “Prodistant of them.” Should, by any accident (and these are the exceptions, not the rule), one of their number really fall away, a brand as deep, as undying as that of Cain is fixed on the brow of the offender; the most needy and friendless shun all communication with him, and the apostate is regarded with universal detestation. In his dealings with a nation like this, it is scarcely surprising that Lord Lindore was exposed to repeated disappointments; while even in the diadem of his domestic felicity there was *one* false gem. Six years before the commencement of my tale, his pride, prejudices, and affection had received a wound both deep and lasting.

On the evening we speak of, the various time-pieces, with their sweet musical chimes, announced the hour of eleven; it therefore yet wanted an hour of the time when the family usually retired. The Earl paced to and fro, with moody countenance and unequal steps. Lady Lindore, who rarely allowed any thing to disturb her beautiful face, drew forth a net of gold-twist, and busied herself with a little bright hook, styled by ladies a crochet-needle. It was, however, to the two younger occupants of the apartment that Lord Lindore’s attention seemed particularly directed, though there was certainly nothing in the appearance at least of one of them to cause the cloud which lowered on his brow. The young and lovely Lady Angela Malvern was indeed a daughter of whom any parent might be proud; yet perhaps her vehemently English father would have been better pleased had her beauty partaken less of a southern cast. As it was, the auburn tresses, dark eyes, and clear brown complexion of Angela savoured strongly of an Italian sky; whilst her ardent and impetuous disposition, unchecked by religion and fostered by indulgence, caused him more than once to envy the mental discipline which characterised her cousin Josephine. Take her all in all, however, a brighter or more fascinating being than Angela Mal-

vern never flourished at Almack's or graced a London season ; and when, in addition to her numerous conquests, the close of her first spring saw the coronet of the wealthy Lord Norville laid at her feet, the triumph of Lady Lindore was complete.

Not so her father ; there was something in the alliance which seemed to jar against his feelings. Yet Edgar Northland was his chosen friend, of his own politics and religious opinions, of an ancient and honourable descent, ten years older than Angela, and, to crown all, eminently handsome. At any rate, whatever the mystery, the Countess cared not, and Angela dared not, to make the attempt to penetrate it ; so the usual announcements appeared in the *Morning Post*, though (as far as the definite period named) somewhat prematurely.

"Josephine," exclaimed the young beauty, shaking back her ringlets and pulling her cousin's sleeve, who, seated in a high-backed chair, was lost in a deep reverie,— "Josephine, how like a nun you look ! You will run away from us some day, I'm sure."

"I *fear* not, Angela ; I have at present no vocation."

"Ah ! I have made you smile at last. Now, do listen ;" and she threw herself on a low stool at her cousin's feet, and rested her pretty head on her lap. "Papa is dreadfully cross to-night ; and do you know why ?"

Josephine shook her head, and Angela continued :

"He was talking all dinner-time with that disagreeable Mr. Melford, and I heard your name mentioned more than once ; and papa said he would see into the matter, and speak to aunt Selby, and ——"

"Well, Angela, and what of all this ? You know I am not *very* timid ; and it will be time enough to defend myself when accused, will it not ?" And Josephine passed her little hand caressingly through the bright curls which were scattered over her own white robe in luxuriant profusion.

"You are too brave ; and mamma says it is not becoming in one of your age and birth to go alone as you do amongst those dreadful people."

"I am four-and-twenty, Angela, and am by no means the only errant dame."

"Yes, but you have done it for some time ; and I feel certain something will happen to you some day. You'll catch a fever, or be murdered, or ——"

"And who will murder me, Angela ?"

"Why, these Irish, to be sure ; though papa says you are in no danger, for although you are English, your religion forms your safeguard. And he told Mr. Melford, that if you ventured amongst Protestants of the same class, he would not in-

sure you from insult a single hour; but he added, that it was the very idolatry and superstition of the thing, and that it is the system altogether he condemns."

"I am at a loss for his meaning, Angela. If by 'system' he means gratitude, and would prefer seeing our poor in open arms against those exemplary men who dedicate their lives to their service, and we who strive to imitate their example, I cannot admire his code of morality, however orthodox it may sound in Protestant ears."

"Well, here he comes: now for the storm! Nay, do not compress your lips and look so very unbending, dearest Josephine." And Lady Angela glided away, throwing herself listlessly on an ottoman nearer her mother, apparently giving her whole attention to the progress of the crochet-net, though in reality devouring every syllable which passed between her father and cousin.

"Josephine!" exclaimed the Earl sternly, as he leant against the mantel-piece near which his niece was seated, "I am informed by my friend Mr. Melford that our very imperfect success in the ——— Mews school is to be attributed to you: the children have been either altogether withdrawn, or only allowed to remain whilst it suited the temporal convenience of their parents. There are the Toomeys, for instance: the woman promised, if we paid her score at the huckster's and allowed her coals for the winter, we should bring up the children our own way, and that she herself would receive instructions from one of the City missionaries; and now she has the effrontery to take the children from the school, because 'the eldest is near seven, and it is time she was taught *her duty to God*.' Nor is this all: when the missionary (who, by the by, is a countryman of her own) called as usual to expound the Scriptures, she told him (I use her own words) 'to hold his jaw, for she meant to lead a new life, and not play the hypocrite any longer; that she was sick of hearing God's blessed Word mouthed like an old ballad; that it ought to be taught by *priests* and holy men, not by such as him!' Her good visitor tried to remonstrate, when she flew into a towering passion, asked him how long it was since he cast his skin; said she knew his people, and that there was not a Protestant within thirty miles of the hovel where he was born. Now what do you say to this?"

"That the City missionary was rightly served, and that you are yourselves to blame for poor Peggy's hypocrisy. Did you ever hear an instance of our holding out bribes to induce the attendance of Protestant children at our schools?—and we often do violence to our own feelings, by allowing the neces-

sities of converts to remain unrelieved, lest the prospect of gain should induce them to sacrifice the integrity of their consciences, thereby disgracing the religion they profess, and destroying their immortal souls."

"You speak strongly, Josephine, and with *apparent* candour; but why then, may I inquire, is every art employed to inveigle the children into a Popish school, which, it seems, those more zealous than prudent, and more designing than either, have thought proper to establish in ——— Buildings? Now, whoever may be the instigators of these *unjustifiable* measures, I am informed you, Miss Bradshawe, my own sister's child, are one of the most unscrupulous agents in carrying them into effect."

"To what unjustifiable measures do you allude? What unscrupulous agents do you mean, Lord Lindore?" inquired Josephine calmly, though her usually pale countenance was illumined with a passing flush. "I was not aware St. Agnes' School contained any children but those not only born of Catholic parents, but baptised in that religion."

"Even were it so, Josephine," answered the Earl, "what right have you, or the parents of those benighted children, to insist on their attending a Catholic school, when a good temporal education and a thorough knowledge of Protestant Christianity are offered?"

"To say nothing of your tender care of their bodies, without which, I much fear, your Protestant Christianity would never be tolerated,—may I inquire, my dear uncle, what is your ultimate intention with regard to the education of Cyril?"

"To send him to Oxford, of course," answered Lord Lindore, somewhat surprised at a question so apparently foreign to the purpose; "and for the present to leave him where he is."

"And suppose Cyril, instead of pursuing his studies with Mr. Latimer, should insist on going to St. Edmund's College, what would you say?"

"What! at *his age*?" interrupted Lady Lindore; "the thing is quite ridiculous. Who ever heard of such a child having an opinion as to where he should receive his education?"

"Cyril is nearly twelve," answered Josephine gravely, "and has surely as much free will as our poor Catholic children; therefore, if he wished it, I see no objection to his studying at St. Edmund's."

"What! allow my only son, the heir of my name, to become the dupe of Jesuitical intrigue and priestly domination? Josephine, you are decidedly deranged," exclaimed Lord Lindore.

"But suppose Cyril insists; you would never use force: and he told Angela he thought he would become a Catholic, and marry me." Notwithstanding the tone of ridicule with which this speech was terminated, the countenance of Lord Lindore became perfectly livid.

"Rather," he exclaimed, in a concentrated passion, "would I see Cyril dead at my feet, rather would I welcome my scoundrel cousin as my heir, than see my boy so lost, so degraded, as ——"

"As *I* am, Lord Lindore. I thank you," answered Josephine haughtily. "Nay, listen but one moment. Do you think, though starving, despised, and loaded with the cares of life, the poor Catholic values the salvation of his offspring less than you do, high-born and wealthy though you be? Do you think, *knowing*, as we do, that for the apostate there is no peace in this world and eternal torments in the next, that the Irish peasant would entail this curse on his offspring? or has it never struck you, that the prospect of future happiness becomes doubly dear by its contrast with present misery? that when pining with hunger, shivering from cold, and bent by sickness, despair must and would seize on the heart, did not that religion you so strive to overthrow teach that, by sharing the sufferings of Him alone whose path was a path of sorrow, we may hope to share his glory?" The eyes of Josephine filled with tears, her face glowed with emotion, and there was a lofty fervour in her tone which was not without its effect on her uncle. Passionately fond of his niece, the Earl's bitterest trial in life had been what he regarded as her senseless apostacy; more especially as, by becoming a Catholic, the orphan and almost portionless Josephine had not only broken off a splendid alliance, but had torn herself from one to whom she was attached with all the ardour of her enthusiastic nature. Of this sacrifice her aunt and cousin were ignorant; in fact, the six years' difference in age between Angela and herself had then precluded that sort of confidence in which young ladies so much delight. Somewhat softened, however, by her appeal, Lord Lindore answered, willing to change the subject,

"At any rate, there is little doubt your Catholicity has answered one purpose, that of estranging you from your early friends; and I cannot say it has improved the taste of the once refined and fastidious Josephine Bradshawe."

"Nay, papa," exclaimed Lady Angela, breaking silence for the first time, "Josephine does not really like being so much amongst these people, and she does *not* teach in the schools at all; so I think Mr. Melford has not *quite* stuck to truth."

"Your cousin condescends to exert a moral influence over the masses of deluded individuals with whom she thinks proper to associate; and this, aided by the altar-denunciations of the Jesuit priests, must produce their full effect on an ignorant and superstitious people."

"All priests are not Jesuits, Lord Lindore," said Josephine, laughing outright; "and your altar-denunciations are a mere fable; of course we do not allow our children to be brought up in error if we can prevent it, upon the same principle as we should restrain them from plunging their little hands into a flaming furnace, even though attracted by the brilliancy of the blaze. Suppose we should imbibe your taste for proselytising, and employ bribes, threats, and so forth, to fill our schools with your young reformers. Exeter Hall would then ring indeed, and the City missionaries would find matter for their circulars for twelve months to come."

"But you evade my question, Josephine," said her cousin. "It is *not* possible that you, whom we considered so *very* exclusive in your associates, should really like to be continually with such people."

"It is not so painful, Angela; nor are they what you seem to imagine. Poverty and vice do not always go hand in hand; there is much good amongst them; in fact, considering the temptations to which they are exposed, their comparative freedom from gross immorality surprises me; and added to this, they are grateful and affectionate. In truth, their vices are those of circumstances; their virtues the offspring of religion; and I assure you the latter predominate."

"Why, Josephine, how can circumstances make them wicked?" listlessly inquired Lady Lindore, who was heartily tired of the discussion.

"My dear aunt, do but imagine your young and joyous Angela plunged without protector into the society of the idle, drunken, and dissolute; obliged to eat, drink, and sleep in one small room, with all ages and sexes; the room dirty, ill-furnished, or rather not furnished at all; with no beds, save a little straw or a few filthy rags on the floor;—do you suppose she would pass through such an ordeal as pure-minded and innocent as she now is."

"But why *do* they live in such places?" inquired Lady Angela naively.

"They have no choice," answered Josephine. "They are poor, and burdened with large families, and of course are obliged to locate together in the lowest and most unhealthy neighbourhoods, where the houses are so dilapidated and old

as to defy any attempt at cleanliness; added to which, the want of water is to the poor a serious evil."

"The want of water!" exclaimed Lady Lindore, to whom the scarcity of such an article appeared an impossibility.

"Yes, my dear aunt," answered Josephine: "there are many neighbourhoods, inhabited by hundreds of these poor creatures, where every drop of this precious element has to be brought from a great distance; and can you wonder that both parents and children remain from week to week unwashed, when the mother, after a day of severe toil, has to seek from afar the means of cleanliness?"

"And I suppose Josephine has some wise plan to remedy all these evils," said her uncle sarcastically.

"The remedy were easy, had we but the means. We could erect neat, clean, healthy buildings, well drained and ventilated (not alms-houses, from this the national pride would revolt), where, for half the sum they now pay, a family could be lodged with proper attention to the proprieties and decencies of life; as none would be admitted but those of good character, the virtuous would no longer be exposed to the contamination inseparable from bad example, whilst the wicked would have fewer opportunities of gratifying their evil passions."

"In other words, you would erect fortresses of Popery in the very heart of London," said her uncle angrily; "really, Josephine, I believe you to be a Jesuit in disguise."

"Why, my dear uncle, have you been studying Eugene Sue?" answered Miss Bradshawe, playfully. "But it is past midnight, and Angela's eyes have been closing this last half-hour."

"You do not decidedly leave us to-morrow; why not stay for a week or two?" inquired Angela, turning wistfully towards her father. Josephine looked dissent.

"Your cousin would but be unhappy here," exclaimed the Earl, with great pique in his manner; "she has entirely forgotten what she was once pleased to term her happy hours."

Miss Bradshawe could have reminded Lord Lindore of how those "happy hours" had been terminated; of the way in which she had been expelled her childhood's home, and in the zenith of youth, the very may-day of youth, consigned to the cheerless abode and uncongenial guardianship of Mrs. Selby, merely for following the dictates of her conscience: and to this she might have added, that the measure, harsh as it then appeared, had been her soul's best boon; that through its means those vivid imaginations, those keen and deep affections, which otherwise would have proved her life's temptation, were now directed

to their proper source, rendering her an independent being, with power to control her feelings, though not without power to feel. She was silent; and Angela, intent on attaining her object, eagerly repeated, "Josephine will have 'happy hours' here once more; you positively must not go, dear cousin, for an old friend of yours desires to renew his acquaintance."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Josephine, rather absently, whilst Lord Lindore gazed uneasily towards his daughter.

"Why the other evening, at Mrs. Melford's, I was dancing with Lord Norville, and he began talking of you. He asked how it was he never met with you any where; told me you had been great friends when I was a little girl; and finally expressed a wish to meet you once more, if only to see if you are altered. But Josephine, are you tired? how very strange you look!"

The conclusion of his daughter's speech caused Lord Lindore to turn hastily towards his niece. A change had indeed passed over Josephine: her complexion, naturally transparent, had assumed the whiteness of marble, whilst her lofty brow and regular features seemed to have borrowed its rigidity; the only signs of animation were in her dark-blue eyes, now almost black from the intensity of her feelings. She had risen from her seat, and her slight childlike figure was drawn to its full height; yet whatever had thus moved, there were no signs of woman's weakness in the firmly compressed lips, and her voice had not one tremulous tone as she calmly answered, "I am not tired, Angela."

"Then what is the matter, or rather what *was*? for you now look yourself again."

"It was your excited imagination, Angela, and the reflection of that large chandelier under which Josephine was standing," said the Earl kindly; yet there was a something in his manner as if he did not quite credit his own words.

"Perhaps so," answered his daughter gaily. "But positively she must see Edgar; you know you will be friends again after our marriage."

"Are you quite sure it will ever take place, Angela?" inquired her father, in a tone which made Lady Lindore drop her crochet-needle, and hurriedly exclaim,

"What can prevent it, pray? Did you not give your consent? Is it not a match that ——"

"Well, I am no judge of a young lady's heart, if she really possesses such an article," answered the Earl; "but I sincerely hope you have not *talked* Angela into accepting Norville; for to my poor judgment she seems very much inclined to give him a rival in Charles Howard."

"I trust no daughter of mine would think of throwing herself away on a second son," said Lady Lindore haughtily; though the tell-tale blush on Lady Angela's cheek caused her father to exclaim,

"Well, my girl, if you *should* change your mind, I'll engage for Norville, and not be quite so severe as your mother on younger sons either. Now, good night to you both. God bless you, Josephine." So saying, he kissed his daughter's forehead; and laying his hand for a moment on Miss Bradshawe's head, closed the door after them, muttering as he did so something about the folly of match-making, which Lady Lindore either did not or would not understand.

The cousins ascended the stairs in silence, and paused for a moment in Angela's boudoir, which communicated with both their apartments. When about to separate for the night, Josephine took her cousin's hand, and in a tone the composure of which almost amounted to solemnity, exclaimed, "Angela, do you really love Lord Norville?"

"I suppose I do, Josephine," answered the girl, too taken aback to dissemble; "at any rate, I have made up my mind to marry him, for mamma says I shall never get so good a match."

On entering her room, Josephine closed the door, and, throwing herself into an easy chair, appeared for a few moments to struggle with some violent internal emotion. Her hands were clasped, her colour heightened, and her whole frame shook; still there were no tears, and no yielding to her feelings, and in a few moments all was calm. Taking from her bosom a little crucifix, she kissed it fervently, and grasping it firmly between her clasped hands, threw herself on her knees. Then the tears flowed; but they were sweet, calm, and soothing, such as a little child would pour into the bosom of an affectionate parent. In a short time she arose; her temptation, whatever its nature, was passed, and Josephine Bradshawe was at rest.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF THE ANCIENTS.

PLUTARCH somewhere tells an anecdote of a certain king, in whose dominions large quantities of gold had been discovered. The result was much as we have experienced in our own times; the rustic left his plough, the sailor his ship, the merchant his counting-house, and ran off to the diggings. Unfortunately,

the king was no wiser than his subjects; and instead of restraining their ardour, he encouraged it. The consequence was a natural one: the earth being left untilled, a famine ensued. Still the king himself had plenty to eat, and continued to keep his people in the mines; till the queen, more prudent than he, hit upon the following *argumentum ad ventrem*. She privately had a number of puddings and pies, loaves and fruits,—“dummies” of course—made of solid gold; and so when the king returned from hunting with the appetite of a Hercules, she ordered his metallic dinner to be served with all splendour and ceremony. To the expostulations of the king she quietly replied, that really the only article then to be procured was gold; as for corn, or meat, or any other necessary of life, they had simply vanished from the land; and that, if he expected to recover them, he must release his subjects from working day and night at the gold-mines.

There is a pleasant satire in this little story, which is by no means inapplicable to these days of speculation in gold-quartz companies, and to the present passion for exchanging the plough for the miner's pickaxe. It may not be uninteresting to give some brief account of the sources from which the ancients derived their supplies of gold. For this purpose we present our readers with some extracts from the careful and generally trustworthy writings of the Greek geographer Strabo, who flourished in the Augustan age. It will be observed that the gold-fields of which he gives such startling accounts have long ceased to yield the precious metal in any remunerative quantity. The possibility, therefore, of even Australian and Californian gold-districts being drained within no very remote period, may well be entertained by those who are disposed to believe in their unfailing resources.

It is a well-known fact, that in point of distribution over the face of the globe, gold is one of the commonest metals, just as tin is one of the rarest. It is the occurrence of the one in small pieces, and the other in vast deposits, that constitutes their relative value (independently of their intrinsic beauty or extensive application). Wherever gold does occur, it is invariably pure; that is, not, as in other metals, in the form of oxides or sulphates, but in virgin grains of greater or less size, and more or less in combination with the hard spar-like mineral known as quartz. In very many instances, as the quartz rocks containing gold become weather-worn, particles are detached, and carried down by mountain-torrents. It was from the beds of rivers, or fluviatile deposits, that all the gold of the ancients, or very nearly so, was obtained. Strabo distinctly says, that the enormous riches of Croesus king of Lydia were derived

from the bed of the river Pactolus, by which it had been carried down from Mount Tmolus; adding, "but now the gold-dust is exhausted."* It is evident that the gold collected in river-beds must be the accumulation of thousands of years; and that when it has been once picked out, no second or growing supply can be looked for for ages to come. Thus only can we account for the total absence of gold (except, indeed, in very minute quantities in certain copper ores) from our native soil. Both Strabo† and Tacitus‡ assert its existence in our country; and this, though denied indeed by Cicero,§ is strongly confirmed by the massive torques of pure gold, of which so many have been dug up in our own times, the work doubtless of the ancient Celts, who must have collected the metal from the beds of mountain torrents.

In a curious work of the seventeenth century (neither the title nor the exact date of which can we give from memory), the author, an iron-master of the name of Dud Dudley, the first who substituted coal for charcoal in the smelting of iron ore, asserts that he had himself seen pieces of gold discovered in Scotland of no contemptible size. We are not aware that stream-gold is now found in any part of Great Britain.

In his account of ancient Gaul, speaking of the province of Aquitania, Strabo says:¶ "Here are the most important gold-works that exist; for in trenches dug only to a little depth are found flat masses of gold large enough to fill the hand, sometimes requiring but little refining. The rest is in dust and in clods" (*i.e.* imbedded in a stone matrix), "which also need but little working" (*i.e.* purifying). This gold appears to have been washed down from the Pyrenees. Of Spain the geographer writes¶ as follows; and we are tempted to quote the passage at some length, as being a *locus classicus* on the metallurgy of the ancients: "Neither gold, nor silver, nor copper, nor iron, in any part of the world is so abundant, or so good [as in the region of Turditania]. The gold is not only obtained from mines, but is brought down by streams. The rivers and the mountain torrents carry with them the gold-sand, which is often deposited also in dry places. There, however, it is less easily seen, whereas in ground washed by water the particles of gold glitter; wherefore, by carrying water to the dry diggings and dashing it on the soil, they cause the gold-dust to shine. Moreover, by digging pits and devising other means, they pick out the gold after washing the sand; and at

* Strabo, book xiii. chap. 4. The Tagus and the Hermus were celebrated also for their gold-dust.

† Book iv. chap. 5.

‡ Agricola, chap. 12.

§ Epist. ad Fam. vii. 7.

¶ Book iv. chap. 3.

¶ Book iii. chap. 2.

present there are more gold-washings, as they are called, than gold-diggings. They affirm that among the gold-dust lumps are sometimes found of half a pound in weight, requiring very little purifying. They even assert that, on breaking open stones, small clods are found resembling nipples. From the gold, on being refined and purified with a certain aluminous earth, the dross remaining is *electrum*; and this being again melted down, composed as it is of a mixture of silver and gold, the silver is burned away, and the gold forms the residuum.* For the stuff is easily fusible and separable; for which reason the gold is melted in preference by a fire of chaff, for the flame being feeble, can be regulated to suit that which easily yields and liquefies; but the charcoal wastes a good deal, over-melting it by its violence, and taking away somewhat from it. The metal is swept down by the torrents, and washed out on the spot in wooden bowels; or the soil is dug from a pit, and undergoes the same process. They make the chimneys of the silver furnaces very high, so that the vapour from the ore may be carried off aloft, for it is oppressive and deadly.† Some of the copper-mines are called gold-works (*χρυσεία*); whence it is conjectured that gold was formerly extracted from them."

Omitting a long and rather obscure account of silver-smelting, quoted by Strabo from Posidonius, in which the tin of the Cassiterides is mentioned, we may give Strabo's description, on the authority of Polybius, of the silver-mines in the neighbourhood of Carthago Nova. "They are distant from the city about two miles, enclosing a circuit of forty miles, wherein 40,000 workmen reside, contributing every day to the Roman people 25,000 drachmas.‡ I omit the general description of the silver-works, as being too long; but the silver-ore brought down by the rivers is said to be crushed, and sifted through sieves into water. The sediment is again stamped; and after passing again through the sieve, is pounded fine, while the water is being poured away. The fifth sediment being smelted, produces the silver pure, the lead being purged away. The silver mines exist to this day, but no

* This passage is surely deserving of attention. For a scientific explanation our readers must refer to those more learned in metallurgy than ourselves. The mixed metal *electrum* is mentioned by Sophocles, *Antig.* 1038, as coming from Sardis.

† This also is a curious remark. It appears to refer to the extraction of silver from lead-ore (*galena*). It may be observed, that Apollonius Rhodius (*lib.* ii. 1002) speaks of iron-foundries in terms reminding us of the smoky region of Wolverhampton.

‡ A drachma is about equal to a franc. The above account appears to be exaggerated.

longer as public property, either here or elsewhere; they have become private possessions. Most of the gold-mines, however, belong to the state. In two or three places there is a private lead-mine; and here also there is a small admixture of silver in the ore, but not in sufficient quantity to repay the cost of extraction."

One more passage may be quoted from the same author,* respecting the gold obtained in the Noric Alps: "Polybius says that a gold-district has been discovered, so productive that by merely scraping away the soil for only two feet, gold may at once be obtained by the spade. The diggings do not go deeper than fifteen feet. Some of the gold is found pure on the spot, in pieces as large as a bean or a lupine-seed, an eighth part only being waste; while some requires more refining, but is still very profitable. As the Italians worked together with the foreigners, in two months the price of gold was reduced by one-third over all Italy. The people of Turin, perceiving this, took the monopoly on themselves, ejecting those who had come to join in the works. Now, however, all the gold-mines are under the control of the Romans. Here also, as in Spain, the rivers bring down gold-dust, besides that obtained by digging, but not in equal quantity."

A clause in this last passage suggests one or two reflections. The discovery of gold in the north of Italy, we are told, immediately reduced the price of bullion *by one-third over all Italy*. Will the immense resources of California and Australia ever,—and if so, when,—affect the currency of the British dominions? Will a sovereign ever sink to the value of a shilling? Still more, will the two coins change places in relative value? Strange indeed would it be, to receive nineteen sovereigns odd in change for our shilling! No such dreams need be entertained. There are yet immense countries which can hardly be said to have any gold currency at all: France as yet uses comparatively little gold coin; Spain and Portugal by no means abound with it; America is almost devoid of a gold coinage,† and uses either notes or dollars in her mercantile transactions; Australia has to rely on such supply of English sovereigns as can be retained there in precarious circulation. It will take countless years before as much gold can be obtained as silver exists in the world; the aggregate quantity of which, according to Humboldt's estimate, would form a solid globe of eighty feet in diameter.

* Strabo, book iv. chap. 6.

† So, at least, we are informed by an intelligent American merchant, who lately shewed us some noble gold coins struck from the proceeds of Californian mines.

Reviews.

THE STUDY OF SAINTS' LIVES.

ST. TERESA'S LIFE OF HERSELF.

The Life of St. Teresa, written by Herself; and translated from the Spanish by the Rev. John Dalton. Dolman.

“WHAT is the *use* of such a book as this? Is it not injudicious to translate it in a Protestant country, especially with all the present exasperation against us, and when hundreds of persons will lay hold of it as a proof of the preposterous nonsense and dreaming which the priests pass off upon the laity for pure Christianity? What practical good can it do to the plain, simple, unpretending Catholic to read a book full of mysticism, and utterly incomprehensible in many parts to any but saints and learned theologians? There is nothing here for us to imitate. We cannot understand it, much less copy St. Teresa in our own domestic and religious duties. For my part, I like the good old-fashioned *corrected* Saints' Lives; in which all that will shock Protestants and puzzle Catholics, and that does not tend to practical edification, is carefully expunged. These ‘new lights’ are dangerous things.”

We trust none of our readers will conclude the perusal of St. Teresa's life with remonstrances such as these; but it cannot be denied that the notions thus uttered are occasionally felt, more or less, by some Catholics who have a right to every consideration, and whose judgment at least demands respect. At any rate, the question as to the utility of the study of the more miraculous lives of the saints is one well deserving of consideration, as it is undoubtedly full of interest.

In offering, at the same time, our thanks to Mr. Dalton for his most acceptable translation, we beg not to be understood as advocating any thing like an indiscriminate translation of Catholic writings, whether Saints' lives or otherwise. At present, however, it is not our object to enter upon the subject, though we cannot but believe that it demands very serious consideration. We wish merely to express our conviction, that the bare fact that a book is the life of a saint, or that it is a good book, or that it is written by a great theologian or even by a saint, is not a sufficient reason for introducing it in the English language to English Catholic readers in general. As to Protestant readers, we confess we do not think their censures of any weight. The edification of Catholics is to be the

first object of every one who has it in his power to aid in so happy a work; and if we are to consult the prejudices of unbelievers, there will be an end of the Catholic religion altogether.

With this proviso, then, on translations in general, we cannot but believe that there *is* a very substantial and most practical benefit to be gained by ordinary Catholics from the study of such supernatural events as are recorded in St. Teresa's life of herself, supposing of course that they are read in a devout and enlightened spirit. A devout spirit will preserve us from that vain, vulgar, and pernicious frivolity, which would reduce a saint's life to a piece of newspaper gossip, or a fragment of antiquarian and legendary lore. Persons who take up these wonderful histories merely to while away an idle hour, unimpressed with the awfully momentous character of the events they record, and who feel no more veneration for a saint *as such*, than they feel for their respectable and exemplary next-door neighbour, who pays his debts and goes to Mass on Sundays, run no little risk of injury to their souls. So far from being lifted up by such reading from earth to heaven, they will be led to degrade spiritual things to the level of temporal, and be tempted to give themselves to the pleasures and business of life with more gusto and devotedness than before.

An enlightened spirit is necessary to save the readers of miraculous lives from superstition, from incredulity, and from scrupulosity. A saint's life is the record of events wholly exceptional in the history even of the best ordinary Christians. Among multitudes of devout and admirable Catholics there are to be found but few *saints*. Some very pious and amiable people think every body a saint who hears Mass daily, communicates once or twice a week, is zealous for the propagation of religion, and in manner and language shews signs of habitual sincerity and earnestness. Such saints as these are happily by no means rare; but far more than this is needed to make the "saint," in the true sense of the word. Undoubtedly, indeed, many and many a saint, worthy of canonisation, or actually canonised, in the course of his life on earth appeared to his companions as nothing more than a humble, pious, zealous Christian of the usual stamp. Perhaps, moreover, after all, there has really been *nothing* extraordinary in his history, except the vigour of his faith, the ardour of his love, and the completeness of his self-mortification. A large proportion, however, of the saints whose lives have been written, have been distinguished from their fellow-Christians by peculiarities of conduct, or by being made the subjects of miraculous interpositions entirely beyond the experience of the

immense majority of the most holy persons. And it is, we think, of the highest importance, that in studying their biographies we should never forget this their exceptional character. They were, if we may so say, selected by Almighty God not only as objects of his special favour, but as subjects for extraordinary manifestations of his almighty power, and of the ever-living and manifold vitality of the cross of Christ as the source and instrument of man's salvation. They have been not only permitted, but authorised and inspired, to speak and act in ways which in the ordinary children of the Church would be wholly unjustifiable; they have received supernatural signs of the Divine Presence which it would be madness for Christians in general to look for in their own cases; their minds have been gifted with spiritual faculties (so to say) more or less superseding the common means for acquiring the knowledge of God which are possessed by every regenerated soul. The saint's life is thus a different thing *in kind* from ours; and if we meditate on it without a distinct knowledge of this difference, it will be scarcely possible to escape one of the three mischiefs we have specified—superstition, incredulity, or scrupulosity.

We shall fall into superstition by expecting something marvellous to occur in the commonest events of daily life. We shall look for angels or devils wherever we turn. We shall mistake the ordinary illuminations of divine grace for something bordering on positive inspiration. Every story we hear that is in the slightest degree singular, we shall unhesitatingly set down as unquestionably miraculous. Objects of devotion, such as images, pictures, beads, medals, and Agnus Dei's, we shall invest with powers for which the Church has given not the faintest sanction; and shall forget that whatever the Church "blesses," she blesses for a certain definite purpose.

Or, on the other hand, a difference in our natural characters may convert saints' lives into incitements to a pernicious incredulity. Perceiving that in our personal experience these marvels which we read of never occur, we set down the whole thing as a delusion and ignorant superstition. "Why," we may say, "if these things really are true, why do we never see similar wonders in our own houses, or hear of them in the cases of our personal acquaintances?" And with minds constituted in a certain way, questions of this nature produce a formidable effect. The right answer alone will satisfy them; and that answer is this, that the supernatural events in the lives of the saints are professedly and by their very nature so rare and exceptional, that the chances are ten thousand to

one against their being manifested to the personal cognizance of any one individual. We might as reasonably refuse to believe in the existence of comets, because, as a matter of fact, not one person in ten thousand in the whole British population ever beheld one with his own bodily eyes.

Moreover, there are peculiarities in the composition of most biographies of saints which require to be well understood by persons of critical disposition, if they would read them with practical profit. Viewed as precise and chronological *lives* of the holy persons who form their subjects, they are frequently constructed on a plan entirely dissimilar to that of ordinary modern biographies. Many are written more or less with reference to the canonisation of the saint, whether past or coming; many are the works of persons more distinguished for their piety than for their literary acumen; and constantly their aim is to present a general picture of the saint they describe as a whole, as a follower of Christ, as the subject of divine interposition, and as a model to be in some sort or other imitated by all Christians. Hence writers frequently set chronology at defiance. A saint is made to accomplish works simply impossible from the fact that there are but twenty-four hours in the day, and that even saints (except when miraculously supported, which is not pretended in the instances supposed) must eat, drink, and sleep like common persons. A man is described as uniting unheard-of fastings and other austerities with extraordinary labours and fatigue of body or mind; the truth being, that his acts at different periods of his life are thrown together by the biographer, as if they all took place contemporaneously, and as if what he did once or occasionally, he was in the habit of doing at all times. Of course, if an objector pleases, he may find fault with this mode of composition; but the merits of ordinary saints' lives as literary achievements we are not now discussing. The fact is that they are such; and our aim is to analyse their character, in order to meet the specious objections of those who would judge them by a standard by which it would be most unfair to try them.

Still further also, it is never pretended that every minute detail of these histories, whether miraculous in nature or otherwise, is undoubtedly true. Their authors are just as liable to make mistakes as to facts as any other writer of biographies who is equally competent and equally sincere. No doubt many of the stories told *are* either substantially incorrect, or do not really justify the interpretation which their narrator puts upon them. All that is pretended is, that the lives *as a whole* are true; that they give a true idea of the men or women whose heroic virtues they seek to perpetuate; that

even if this strange event was purely natural, or that inexplicable marvel is entirely fictitious, yet a large amount of what remains undeniably *is* true; that the holy men and women *were* what they are represented, and that Almighty God *did* display his omnipotence in their honour on certain occasions. Whether this or that particular miracle really took place, is a question for examination; but in the absence of any such examination, the value of the lives as a theme for devout meditation is no more destroyed or suspended, than the general trustworthiness of the best secular histories is rendered nugatory by the confessed fallibility and prepossessions of their authors.

Another peril run by the unenlightened reader of saints' lives is that of scrupulosity. A pious, zealous, and self-distrusting mind reads of the astonishing mortifications of the saints, of their burning love for God, of their untiring labours for their fellow-creatures, and straightway, smitten with a sense of its own shortcomings, it is tempted to try to copy the peculiarities of the saints' lives in modes which to any but a saint would be pernicious and preposterous. There is no end to the absurdities which may be perpetrated by a person who imagines that a saint's life is neither more nor less than a model for universal imitation. The devout soul will find herself so harassed with the importunities of her morbid conscience, that she will scarcely know a moment's rest, through fear lest she is running into mortal sin and resisting the guidance of the Holy Ghost. She will forget that the rules of the Church are to be her standard; and that her duty is to serve God in her vocation, *whatever that is*, even if it is to wear purple and gold, and sit at banquets, and receive the homage of admiring crowds. Unless we have a firm practical hold of the great truth, that we are to serve God exactly in the way that He pleases, and that it is his pleasure to be served in a thousand varying modes of *outward* service, the more we read the lives of the saints, the more shall we pervert that service of God, which is perfect freedom, into an abject and wretched slavery of body and soul.

"After all, then," perhaps the reader will say, "why read saints' lives at all? or at any rate, why read St. Teresa's life, or that of St. Catherine of Sienna or St. Rose of Lima, or of St. Francis of Assisi, or of any of those *most* extraordinary beings, whose whole existence seems to have been a reversal of the common laws of humanity, and who enjoyed something like a special divine revelation of their own?"

The great value, we think, of the study of such lives consists in the vivid and irresistible sense of the reality of the Divine Presence, of the power of the cross of Christ, and

the absolute nothingness of this life and its interests, which these wonderful histories work upon the mind. Living, as we ordinary persons are, in the midst of a visible world, where almost every thing tends to weaken faith in the unseen, and chill the heart's love for what is eternal, it is manifestly of the utmost importance to counteract this pernicious influence by familiarising the thoughts with scenes in which the usual course of nature has been broken in upon by the God of nature, and the invisible has become actually the visible. Every reflecting person knows by his own experience the enormous power of the senses and the imagination in resisting the will and the conscience of the most devout and sincere. Every such person knows what incessant efforts are necessary to obliterate the continual *impressions* (not the convictions) wrought upon us by the worldly talk and worldly lives of the great herd of our fellow-creatures, who to all appearance live for this life and this life only. To meet this baneful influence we want not mere abstract and general statements of doctrine; not mere declarations of the vanity of time, of the value of eternity, of the presence of God, and his power to annihilate time and space and all the laws of the physical universe: we want to see the operation of the great doctrines of Christianity carried out as it were before our eyes. We want to have the senses enlisted on the side of faith itself; to be compelled to acknowledge the hatefulness of sin and the power of the cross, by witnessing those awful demonstrations which are personally displayed in the lives of certain saints, in whom both the sufferings and the glories of our Blessed Lord's life on earth seem to be in a measure renewed. We want to have it forced upon us by examples, that the laws of nature are but the creations of that Omnipotence which can obliterate them in an instant, and communicate with his creatures by an instrumentality totally unknown to all our past experience. And although in the case of the immense majority of Christians outward singularity in any respect is to be avoided and condemned, yet it cannot be denied that where this singularity is sanctioned by Almighty God, it possesses an astonishing and most beneficial power, in witnessing to the presence of the Holy Ghost, and the reality of that unseen world whose ineffable importance it is so difficult to realise.

And just these happy results follow, we believe, from the simple-minded and enlightened study of such lives as that of St. Teresa, and others of a similar miraculous class. How near is God! we think to ourselves. How worthless is this life! How horrible is sin! How boundless and unfathomable is the love of Jesus! How inexplicable and yet how blessed is the

life of a saint even here in this life! How vain and helpless is the human intelligence in presence of the eternal Spirit, at whose will it was created! Such ideas as these our readers will recognise as having again and again occurred to their minds when studying these marvellous histories; and that not in a transient, superficial, unprofitable way, but with practical and enduring application to their own personal circumstances, as men involved in the struggles of this harassing life of trial. They feel as if for a moment the veil which shrouds the unseen had been lifted, and they had caught a glimpse of the working of those unseen powers which are hidden in the sacraments and ordinances of the Church, and a ray of the brightness which encircles the throne of God had pierced their souls. One person may like this saint's life, another may prefer that; one mind may be naturally critical, another simple and disposed to credulity; one may love the more supernatural lives, another the more commonplace; but all will agree that the life of a saint, as such, exerts a practical influence on his inward life so decided and so lasting, that no one who is in earnest about his future condition will willingly neglect so striking an aid to his progress in the spiritual life.

With many persons, few lives will produce these results with so peculiar a force as that of St. Teresa. Its character as an autobiography gives it an interest shared by no other book except St. Augustine's *Confessions*. Written at the positive command of her director, it enters into the details of her spiritual experience with a depth, a minuteness, and an accuracy, obviously impossible under other conditions. And even of saints, few *could* have written such an autobiography as St. Teresa. Few would have possessed sufficiently discriminating and exact powers of self-observation; and few would have possessed sufficient theological knowledge to have related with so much scientific precision the wonders of which they were made the subjects. St. Teresa is, on the contrary, almost a Doctor of the Church; and though her style is somewhat diffuse, and, as she herself says, she had not the art of explaining her meaning with pointed and scientific terseness, yet she was gifted with intellectual faculties of so rare and high an order, that of all her equals in sanctity, few could have written such a history of their own mind without miraculous assistance.

St. Teresa was, in truth, by nature as well as by grace, a person of unusual endowments. It is impossible not to see that to most agreeable manners, and a sensitive, loving, and refined disposition, she united a strength of will, an energy of thought, a solidity of understanding, a quickness of perception, and a soundness of judgment, to an extent rarely found in either

men or women. Her history, accordingly, possesses a double value; both as displaying one of the most astonishing examples of the miraculous nature of the life of many Saints, and as being known to us with a certainty unattainable in all ordinary cases.

Much of her experience is necessarily only partially intelligible to those who are not favoured by Almighty God with at least some portion of the gifts with which St. Teresa herself was endowed. Her exposition of the characters of the different kinds of prayer to which she was raised by the Divine Spirit, cannot possibly be thoroughly comprehended except through a personal participation in the same mysterious modes of communion with Almighty God. Still, much may be understood in a degree; and even those whose inward life presents no features beyond that of the average class of devout Catholics, may catch glimpses of the unspeakable glory and sweetness of that rapturous intercourse by which St. Teresa was permitted to anticipate in some measure the wonders of the beatific vision.

The unbelieving or narrow-minded reader will perhaps turn away from her accounts of her various kinds of prayer with a smile or a look of disgust, accounting it all so much fantastic reverie, no more worthy of serious consideration than the visions of a somnambulist or an excited dreamer. That her mystical communion with our Blessed Lord was in every respect true and real, we are not now proving; the question is, of course, simply one of evidence. They who scorn St. Teresa as a visionary will be found, however, never even to look into the case as a question for evidence at all. They assume that such things are absurd and impossible. Yet why so? Is it for any creature to assume that Almighty God *cannot* hold intercourse with the human intelligence in any other way than that by which He ordinarily communicates his will to man? Is it *impossible* for Him to speak to the soul except through the medium of the corporeal senses? Can any thing be conceived more ludicrous than the supposition that He who created the mind *must* speak to it in Latin, or Spanish, or English, or in some other of the tongues of men? And if God *can* speak to us in other ways, can He not also furnish us with tests by which we may ascertain that it *is* He who is speaking, and that we are not the sport of the delusions of our own disordered brain? Yet this preposterous absurdity is the basis of all that mass of prejudice, which induces the "philosophical" sceptic to treat the experiences of saints like St. Teresa as palpable hallucinations, not worthy a moment's serious attention.

For ourselves, we who are Catholics, by the goodness of God, have been set free from this shallowness of the boasting world, whose platitudes are ever ringing in our ears. We know that God is not man, and that to measure his powers by our own is simply absurd. As well might we pretend to form a perfect conception of the universe from the inspection of a grain of sand and a drop of water, as to estimate the limits of Divine Omnipotence by the faculties of our own minds and the range of our senses. And we turn to the history of St. Teresa with grateful and affectionate reverence, and meditate on her marvellous experiences, giving thanks to her Lord and ours, that even in this dull, uniform, struggling existence, He vouchsafes at times to lay bare for an instant the might of his power, and to lift one of us his creatures to so marvellous a knowledge of his own incommunicable perfections.

Of Mr. Dalton's translation of the life we may speak in very favourable terms. The task has been a difficult one; and though we are unable to test the version by a reference to the original Spanish, we may venture on saying that it *reads* like a faithful, though not a slavishly literal, translation. It has certainly been a labour of love, as Mr. Dalton says in his modest and interesting preface; and we trust he will be encouraged to complete his proposed translation of some others of the Saint's writings. In this expectation we must call his attention, and that of most other translators of the present day, to one little matter, which mars the beauty of so many of the recently-translated books of devotion,—we mean the use of the *plural* pronoun as applied to Almighty God in prayer. The idiom of the English language in this respect varies from the French and Italian, to mention none others. With a Frenchman, it is a mark of the extremest familiarity to address another with the singular pronoun; and the moment he wishes to shew respect, much less reverence, he drops the *thou* and *thee* and *thine*, and says *you* and *your*. Thus Napoleon would not endure that his old companions in arms should *tutoyer* him when he rose to his sovereign power. With us, on the contrary, nobody but a Quaker in modern times thinks of saying *thee* and *thou* to a fellow-creature on earth. We reserve the singular pronoun for Almighty God and the Saints, not using it even towards a sovereign prince. Unfortunately, however, these peculiarities are not always remembered by translators, who, in their anxiety to be literal, forget that what is a token of respect in one language is a token of familiarity in another. We are not competent to say how far it is a love for literalness which has betrayed Mr. Dalton into this

error; but whatever be the Spanish idiom, he has certainly rendered St. Teresa's prayers in words which are foreign to the genius of the English tongue. Occasionally he even alternates the *thou* and the *you* in the very same prayer. The blemish in many persons' eyes would be a very small one; but at any rate there is no reason why a saint who by the confession of non-Catholic critics wrote the purest Castilian, should not speak equally good English when interpreted into our language. We sincerely trust that the whole of the first edition of Mr. Dalton's translation will so speedily be called for, as to encourage him to issue a second with this little fault amended.

YRIARTE'S LITERARY FABLES.

Literary Fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte. By Robert Rockliff. Longmans.

"DON TOMAS DE YRIARTE," says Mr. Rockliff in his preface, "died in 1790. His works are voluminous; but with the exception of a didactic poem on music, his *Fabulas Literarias* is the only one of them whose popularity has extended beyond his own country. Both have been successfully translated into various languages."

These fables are unlike ordinary fables in the complete originality of their subject. They refer solely to books, writers, readers, and critics, for the follies and absurdities of all of whom Don Tomas de Yriarte has a very keen eye.

In the days of our grandfathers, indeed, these follies were more rampant even than now; at least they were more talked about, for we question whether that sapient and many-headed monster, "my pensive public," was ever more pitifully destitute of common sense in all matters of opinion than in this most scientific and self-applauding nineteenth century. However, in former days the venality of authors, the virulence and unfairness of critics, and the unreasonableness of readers, were topics much more favourite than they are just now; and some of the ablest writers of past times expended not a little of their wit and wisdom on the popular theme.

Few writers have obtained more complete success in this line than the author of these fables; and few foreign authors on *any subject* have been so fortunate in their English translator. The undertaking was somewhat perilous, for nothing but *complete* success could render the somewhat antiquated

form of the "fable" palatable to the modern taste; while metrical translations are proverbially (in most instances) unattractive and dull to the last degree. With these perils before him, Mr. Rockliff has wisely not bound himself to an exactly literal transcript from the Spanish, substituting occasionally such phrases and allusions as would convey to the English reader the same *idea* as that conveyed to the Spanish reader by the original. On the whole, he has been eminently successful in his task. We do not know a book which reads less like a translation, while (which, in these days of every-man-his-own-maker-of-metres versification, is no mean praise) few living writers would excel Mr. Rockliff in that finished liveliness of style and variety of stanza which are essential to the perfection of the metrical fable. The defects of Mr. Rockliff's version are, the extent to which he has paraphrased rather than translated the original, and the introduction of occasional puns, poor enough in themselves, and quite out of place besides.

The fables, of course, vary in intrinsic merit, nor can we expect of any translator an equal amount of happy brilliancy in every poem to which he applies his pen. A very large number of them are, however, extremely good, and many are capital. Such is the following clever apologue of

THE EGGS.

"There is an island, which perhaps
May not be mention'd in the maps,
It is so very little;
But Mendes Pinto* could, no doubt,
If question'd of its 'whereabout,'
Describe it to a tittle.

This island, by some strange neglect
Of fortune (though in one respect
The goddess had been gracious,
And bless'd it with a breed of owls),
Was wholly destitute of fowls—
I mean the gallinaceous.

Nor could an egg, however much
An epicure had sigh'd for such,
Be had for love or pence there;
Till, tempest-driven from his way,
A captain touch'd at it one day,
And left some cocks and hens there.

* "Fernan Mendes Pinto, a traveller famous for his want of veracity. Many of his descriptions of the places which he professes to have visited are altogether imaginary."

No more confined within a coop,
But fluttering forth all cock-a-hoop,
The fowls, on reaching dry land,
Began without delay to pair,
And eggs, of course, no longer were
Unknown throughout the island.

The natives found them newly laid;
And though at first they felt afraid
To taste the strange production,
Ere long a good old grandame crack'd
A shell, and managed to extract
The yolk by simple suction.

When, imitating what they saw,
And seizing them uncook'd and raw,
They suck'd the eggs with pleasure,
Pronounced their granny wondrous wise,
And thought they ne'er enough could prize
The gastronomic treasure.

But when, in course of time, a man
Contrived to boil an egg, the plan
Was deem'd a vast improvement;
The dame discarded and despised,
They bless'd the genius that devised
This culinary movement.

And when a further scheme was broach'd,
And eggs were delicately poach'd,
The public, still more grateful,
Exclaim'd that these were eggs indeed;
And raw or boil'd, they now agreed,
Were absolutely hateful.

But ere another month had gone,
An egg was fried; and every one
So much approved the flavour,
The dish became a favourite, till
A fashion more luxurious still
Supplanted it in favour:

For when within a crust of paste,
And spiced and sweeten'd to the taste,
The custard was presented,
The gift was welcomed with delight,
And blessings lavish'd on the wight
By whom it was invented.

But butter'd eggs succeeded soon,
A still more appetising boon,

Which all pronounced delicious—
A rare receipt—a happy hit—
A master-piece of cookery, fit
To set before Apicius.

Yet though, successful for a while,
Its fame extended through the isle,
And spread from hall to hovel,
Ere long the public loathed the dish,
'Twas superseded, and a wish
Was felt for something novel.

So when, one lucky Shrovetide hour,
An artiste mix'd with milk and flour
His eggs into a batter,
From house to house the fashion ran,
And cakes were toss'd in every pan,
And smoked on every platter.

At once the daring fancy, which
Had soar'd to so sublime a pitch
Of esculent invention,
Was praised by all; and many thought
The author of the pancake ought
To have a public pension.

But innovation egg'd them on—
The pancake ceased to please anon,
And every roof resounded
With pæans loud and louder still,
When, by a further feat of skill,
The omlet was compounded.

In short, a hundred different schemes,
Whips, trifles, syllabubs, and creams,
As fickle fancy goaded,
Prevail'd in turn throughout the isle,
Were each applauded for a while,
And each in turn exploded.

Till, vex'd to find that every change,
Howe'er preposterous and strange,
Was hail'd with acclamation,
A sage, reverting to the past
With fond remembrance; thus at last
Address'd the noisy nation:

'Though cooks deserve our thanks,' he cried,
And eggs, it cannot be denied,
Are better for the dressing,
The man who brought unto our coast
The cocks and hens, methinks, is most
Entitled to a blessing.'

So they who teach their fellow-men
 Some useful truth unknown till then,
 Deserve far greater praises
 Than they whose utmost end and aim
 Is merely to repeat the same
 In other forms and phrases."

"The Big Bell and the Little Bell" is a pretty little thing in another strain, and shews Mr. Rockliff's readiness in adapting the style of his metre to the subject of the verse.

"Within an old cathedral hung
 A mighty bell,
 Which never, save at Easter, swung
 One solemn knell;
 And then, so sternly all around
 Its echoes fell,
 The peasants trembled at the sound
 Of that big bell.

Not far from the cathedral stood
 A hermit's cell,
 And in its belfry-tower of wood
 A little bell;
 Whose daily tinklings through the year
 So faintly fell,
 The peasants hardly gave an ear
 To that small bell.

The hermit—he who own'd the same,
 And loved it well—
 Resolved that it should share the fame
 Of the big bell;
 So tolling it but once a year
 With one brief knell,
 He taught the peasants to revere
 His little bell.

And there are fools in vast repute,
 Who, strange to tell,
 Acquire their fame by being mute,
 Like that small bell;
 These would-be sages rarely speak,
 For they know well
 That frequent utterance would break
 The solemn spell."

The moral of the subjoined may be earnestly recommended to nine-tenths of the writers of this present and all ages:

THE FROG AND THE HEN.

“ As once a frog,
 Who all day long had chatter'd from his bog,
 Began to close
 His mouth and eyes, and drop into a dose,
 He chanced just then
 To hear the sudden cackle of a hen.
 ‘ What sound is this ?’
 He cried. ‘ Dear madam, what can be amiss,
 That thus you scream,
 And keep a quiet neighbour from his dream ?’
 The hen replied,
 Her feathers fluttering with maternal pride,
 ‘ I humbly beg
 Your pardon, sir ; but having laid an egg,
 I could not choose
 To let you sleep in ignorance of the news.’—
 ‘ What ! all this clatter
 About a single egg !—so small a matter !’—
 ‘ True, neighbour, true,
 ’Tis but a single egg,—a small one too ;
 But if you blame
 The rout that I have made about the same,
 ’Tis doubly wrong
 In you to croak for nothing all day long.
 The egg’s of use,
 And therefore I may brag with some excuse ;
 But the dull brute
 That’s unproductive should be also mute.’ ”

We give two more, both for their original wit and as proofs of the translator’s ingenuity in giving the *spirit* of a foreign writer in characteristic English phrase.

THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

“ The swarms of Gallic phrases which of late
 Have crept, like wasps, into the Spanish hive,
 And spoil’d our honied idiom, are my hate ;
 Nor less I hate those writers who revive
 Dead diction that was worthless when alive.
 These lovers of the obsolete and vile
 Remind me of a tale, in which I’ll strive—
 By telling it in their own motley style,
 Half modern, half antique—to make my reader smile.

A certain painter, seeing with despight
 How much mankind were prone to overrate
 The ancient artists, fancied that he might,
 By mimicking their quaint costume, amate

His picturals with those of olden date ;
 So being bidden on a time to take
 The semblaunt of a knight of high estate,
 He thought, for greater fame and lucre's sake,
 To paint it in a garb of antiquated make.

So whenas he had cunningly pourtray'd
 The visnomie as like as like mote be,
 And, limning forth the figure, had array'd
 The same in vestiments most strange to see,
 In sort as they were fashion'd formerlie—
 He took the picture, certain of success,
 Unto the knight, who view'd with mickle gree
 The perfect pourtraicture, but nathëless
 Y-marvell'd much to find it dight in such a dress.

But eftsoons he avized within his mind
 A method to discharge the painter's score,
 By which he mote apay him kind for kind ;
 For recollecting that he had a store
 Of coins which had been stricken long afore,
 In times ere Spain, the thrall of Moorish sway,
 Expell'd the swarthy paynim from her shore,
 He fet them from the sryne in which they lay,
 And tender'd them unto the painter for his pay.

' Why, this barbaric coin,' the painter cried,
 ' Will buy ne meat, ne drink—I'll none of it.'
 ' None other hast thou earn'd,' the knight replied,
 ' For n'is that dress, thou man of little wit,
 For modern usance equally unfit ?
 A dress which now—albé it whilom might
 Have graced a king or kezar, I admit—
 Beseems an alguazil, but not a knight :
 Thy wage is like thy work, and thou art well acquight.

But take the portraict back, amend its guise,
 Transmew the plummy helm into a hat,
 Reduce that sword to half its present size,
 And doff the collar for a plain cravat ;
 For certes, if in gere the like of that
 I were to go abroad, my sibs would say,
 ' What sort of wight is this ? we know him nat.'
 Then when the whole is set in right array,
 Thy guerdon shall be paid in coinage of the day.'

Now turn we from the pencil to the pen :
 And, reader, if the painter's folly raise
 Thy smile, bestow a smile on authors, when
 They copy, with the hope to win thy praise,

The phraseology of ancient days ;
As if the refuse and the trash of yore—
Each coarse habiliment or coarser phrase,
Coeval with the Cid Compeador—
Deserved to be revived, and last for evermore."

THE CAT, THE LIZARD, AND THE CRICKET.

" Some animals are very scientific,
And have for every ailment a specific ;
In fact, they regulate their whole organic
Construction by a process quite botanic.
They know each herb, and whether diuretic,
Cathartic, or narcotic, or emetic ;
If febrifuge, or styptic, or prolific,
Cephalic, sedative, or sudorific.

A cat, a most pedantic rhetorician,
In points of science, too, a strict precisian,
Who always spoke in diction as emphatic
As any rhymster ranting in his attic,
One day address'd himself unto a lizard
In terms that would have posed a witch or wizard :
' My friend, when I feel turgid or hydropic,
I always masticate some heliotropic.'

The lizard, though she knew her own vernacular,
Was puzzled by a sentence so oracular,
And understood as little of the topic
As if the cat had talk'd in Æthiopic ;
Till having chanced to notice her eccentric
Companion cramming what he call'd his ventricle
With sunflower leaves, ' Ha, ha,' she cried ecstatically,
' I have it, though you talk so enigmatically—
The sunflower, I suppose, is heliotropic,
And you, just now, I guess, sir, are hydropic.
But, since the meaning of a speech or lecture
Should not, I think, be left unto conjecture,
I'll frankly say, without the least apology,
That I prefer more simple phraseology.'

But, thinking differently, a tasteless cricket
Who heard the speech from an adjoining thicket,
And, though he found it quite incomprehensible,
Concluded from the sound that it was sensible,
Extoll'd, in terms the most encomiastic,
A cat who spoke in language so scholastic.

Some writers, thus, especially of lyrics,
Are, like the cat, ridiculous empirics,

And use a style so hard and cabalistical
 That any meaning which they have is mystical—
 A bloated style, preposterously pedantic,
 With words of sound uncouth and bulk gigantic,
 Enough to drive a common reader frantic.
 To lash these lovers of the hyperbolic,
 I have devised this fable ; and, in frolic,
 To point its application more sarcastically,
 Have mimick'd them, and written it bombastically."

MR. MAYHEW AMONG THE THIEVES.

London Labour and the London Poor. Vol. I.

By Henry Mayhew.

THERE are no lies like the lies told by facts. If you want to make a speech in favour of *any* side of *any* question, go to your books of statistics and "undeniable authorities," and you will not find the smallest difficulty in proving that the French won the battle of Waterloo, that John Bull is what a certain class calls "Catholic-minded," and that the earth is square.

The real state of the case, of course, is, that *truth* is got at by the *interpretation* of facts; and moreover, that on any subject, save pure mathematics, facts can be adduced on both sides of the question: so that to get at truth we need not only a multiplicity of facts on both sides, but an acute judgment to ascertain what facts *tell* upon the point we want to know, and what are trivial or irrelevant. And as the world in general neither is in possession of this body of facts on any topic, nor of the judgment to try them, it is obvious that the world will seldom go so lamentably astray as when it thinks its notions are based on the most incontrovertible realities.

There are two subjects on which facts are pre-eminently made to tell lies. One is *the Catholic Church*, and the other is *the poor*. Every man with eyes and ears in his head, who chooses to read a Catholic book, or to go into a Catholic Church, or to visit a Catholic country, can pick up some few undeniable facts about Catholicism. But see the use he makes of them, even when (a rare supposition) he is honest. *We* know and see plainly enough that such a man is often more totally in the dark as to the true nature of the Catholic faith and the habits and feelings of Catholics, than another who has sat at home and invented the whole of his anti-

Catholic view. He has picked up a stone, and from its shape has fancied he knows the entire size, outline, and geology of the mighty mountain whence it came.

And so it is with the poor. If you judge by the publications sold usually by the Religious Tract-Society, you will believe that "the million" is a devout worshipper of Luther and Calvin. If you go by Mr. Colquhoun and other such statisticians, you will conclude that there is hardly a virtuous woman in all London. And no doubt it is most difficult for those who are not poor themselves to learn *the truth* about the poor. Yet who can be insensible to the immense importance of an accurate knowledge of the habits, feelings, and opinions of that gigantic multitude, scarcely hidden from our sight in the alleys, lanes, courts, cellars, and garrets of our overgrown cities? Who does not see that on them hangs the fate of this kingdom; and that whoever becomes their master and father, becomes virtually the arbiter of the destinies of Great Britain and Ireland.

Sensible in a measure of this truth, the reading public has welcomed Mr. Mayhew's singular work on *London Labour and the London Poor* with a more cordial warmth than it usually vouchsafes to so painful and unaristocratic a theme. Those, too, who are most sensitive to the deceiving nature of many facts and statistics, have accorded to him the praise of a remarkable impartiality and comprehensiveness in the details he has gathered together, and have valued his labours all the more because, like so few dealers in statistics, he has abstained from pressing them into the service of some favourite theory, and has left his readers to meditate and judge for themselves.

In a former number of the *Rambler* we gave the result of some of Mr. Mayhew's experiences among the *Irish* poor in London, and most interesting they were. He has now completed his first volume, and we think our readers will be glad to have a specimen of the contents of its later portions. The volume does not nearly complete the entire subject of the "Street-folk," a second being required to include, among others, the *Street-buyers*, the *Street-finders*, the *Street-perfumers*, the *Street-artisans*, the *Street-labourers*, the *Street-jews*, the *Street-foreigners*, and the *Street-mechanics*. So far as the work has yet been finished, it abounds in curious details, telling one story above all the rest, that is, the story of *the hard life* of the poor.

Some of the most singular results of Mr. Mayhew's inquiries are connected with the morals and religion of the Street-People; and one thing he notes again and again, namely, that, on the whole, the only classes who have *any*

religion are the Irish Catholics. Perhaps the most characteristic extract we can select will be his account of an extraordinary assemblage of young thieves collected by him at the British Union School-room, in Shadwell. The sketch will not bear much compression, but we cannot find room for the whole. Such as we give it, however, it presents undoubtedly one of the most curious scenes ever witnessed in the motley world of our great Babylon.

No fewer than one hundred and fifty youthful thieves assembled on the occasion.

"Some were young men, and some mere children; one, who styled himself a 'cadger,' was six years of age, and several who confessed themselves 'prigs' were only ten. The countenances of the boys were of various characters. Many were not only good-looking, but had a frank, ingenuous expression that seemed in no way connected with innate roguery. Many, on the other hand, had the deep-sunk and half-averted eye which are so characteristic of natural dishonesty and cunning. Some had the regular features of lads born of parents in easy circumstances. The hair of most of the lads was cut very close to the head, shewing their recent liberation from prison; indeed, one might tell by the comparative length of the crop, the time that each boy had been out of gaol. All but a few of the elder boys were remarkable, amidst the rags, filth, and wretchedness of their external appearance, for the mirth and carelessness impressed upon their countenances. At first their behaviour was very noisy and disorderly: coarse and ribald jokes were freely cracked, exciting general bursts of laughter; while howls, cat-calls, and all manner of unearthly and indescribable yells threatened for some time to render the object of the meeting utterly abortive. At one moment a lad would imitate the bray of a jackass, and immediately the whole hundred and fifty would fall to braying. Then some ragged urchin would crow like a cock, whereupon the place would echo again with a hundred and fifty cock-crows. Then, as a black boy entered the room, one of the young vagabonds would shout out 'swe-ee-op.' This would be received with peals of laughter, and followed by a general repetition of the same cry. Next, a hundred and fifty cat-calls of the shrillest possible description would almost split the ears. These would be succeeded by cries of 'Strike up, you catgut scrapers!' 'Go on with your barrow!' 'Flare up, my never-sweats!' and a variety of other street sayings. Indeed, the uproar which went on before the meeting began will be best understood if we compare it to the scene presented by a public menagerie at feeding-time."

After eliciting all the facts he could in the mass respecting their ages and early education, Mr. Mayhew called some of them on to the platform to relate their individual histories.

"The novelty of their position as speech-makers seemed pecu-

liarly exciting to the speakers themselves, and provoked much merriment and interest amongst the lads. Their antics and buffoonery in commencing their addresses were certainly of the most ludicrous character. The first speaker, a lad seventeen years of age, ascended the platform, dressed in a torn 'wide-a-awake' hat, and a dirty smock-frock. He began:—Gentlemen [*immense applause and laughter*], I am a Brummagem lad [*laughter*]. My father has been dead three years, and my mother seven. When my father died, I had to go and live along with my aunt. I fell out of employment, and went round about the town, and fell into the company of a lot of chaps, and went picking ladies' pockets. Then I was in prison once or twice, and I came to London, and have been in several prisons here. I have been in London three years; but I have been out of it several times in that time. I can't get any thing honest to do; and I wish I could get something at sea, or in any foreign land. I don't care what or where it is [*cheers and yells*].

"Another lad about sixteen, clad in a ragged coat, with a dirty face and matted hair, next came forward and said:—My father was a soldier, and when I grewed up to about ten years I joined the regiment as a drummer in the Grenadier Guards. I went on and got myself into trouble, till at last I got turned away, and my father left the regiment. I then went out with some more chaps and went thieving, and have been thieving about two years now. [*Several voices—*'Very good;' 'that's beautiful;' 'I hope you do it well.']"

Another speaker

"was about eighteen years of age, and appeared a very sharp, intelligent lad. After making a very grave but irresistibly comical prefatory bow, by placing his hand at the back of his head, and so (as it were) forcing it to give a nod, he proceeded: My father is an engineer's labourer, and the first cause of my thieving was that he kept me without grub, and walloped me [*laughter*]. Well, I was at work at the same time that he was, and I kept pilfering, and at last they bowled me out [*loud cheers*]. I got a showing up, and at last they turned me away; and, not liking to go home to my father, I ran away. I went to Margate, where I had some friends, with a shilling in my pocket. I never stopped till I got to Ramsgate, and I had no lodging except under the trees, and had only the bits of bread I could pick up. When I got there, my grandfather took me in and kept me for a twelvemonth. My mother's brother's wife had a spite against me, and tried to get me turned away. I did not know what thieving was then; and I used to pray that her heart might be turned, because I did not know what would become of me if my grandfather turned me away. But she got other people to complain of me, and say I was a nuisance to the town; but I knowed there was no fault in me; but, however, my grandfather said he could put up with me no longer, and turned me away. So after that I came back to London, and goes to the union. The first night I went there I got tore up [*cheers and laughter*].

Every thing was torn off my back, and the bread was taken away from me; and because I said a word, I got well walloped [*renewed laughter*]. They 'small-ganged' me; and afterwards I went seven days to prison because others tore my clothes. When I went in there—this was the first time—a man said to me, 'What are you here for?' I said, 'for tearing up.' The man said to another, 'What are you here for?' and the other made answer, 'For a handkerchief.' The man then said, 'Ah, that's something like;' and he said to me, 'Why are you not a thief?—you will only get to prison for that.' I said, 'I will.' Well, after that I went pilfering small things, worth a penny or twopence at first; but I soon saw better things were as easy to be got as them, so I took them [*laughter*]. I picked up with one that knowed more than me. He fairly kept me for some time, and I learnt as well as him. I picked him up in a London workhouse. After that I thought I would try my friends again, and I went to my uncle at Dover, but he could do nothing for me; so I got a place at a butcher's, where I fancied myself fairly blessed, for I had 2s. a week and my board and washing. I kept a twelvemonth there honest, without thieving. At last my master and I fell out, and I left again; so I was forced to come up to London, and there I found my old companions in the Smithfield pens—they were not living anywhere. I used to go to the workhouse, and used to tear up and refuse to work, and used to get sent to 'quod,' and I used to curse the day when it was my turn to go out. The governor of the prison used to say he hoped he wouldn't see my face there again; but I used to answer, 'I shall be here again to-night, because it's the only place I've got.' That's all I've got to say.

"The next lad, who said he had been fourteen times in prison, was a taller, cleaner, and more intelligent-looking youth than any that had preceded him. After making a low affected bow, over the railing, to the company below, and uttering a preliminary a-hem or two with the most ludicrous mock gravity, he began by saying:—'I am a native of London. My father is a poor labouring man, with 15s. a week—little enough, I think, to keep a home for four, and find candle-light [*laughter*]. I was at work looking after a boiler at a paper-stainer's in Old-Street Road, at 6s. a week, when one night they bowled me out. I got the sack, and a bag to take it home in [*laughter*]. I got my wages, and ran away from home; but in four days, being hungry, and having no money, I went back again. I got a towelling, but it did not do me much good. My father did not like to turn me out of doors, so he tied me to the leg of the bedstead [*laughter*]. He tied my hands and feet so that I could hardly move, but I managed somehow to turn my gob (mouth) round and gnawed it away. I ran down stairs and got out at the back door and over a neighbour's wall, and never went home for nine months. I never bolted with any thing; I never took any thing that was too hot for me. The captain of a man-of-war about this time took me into his service, where I remained five weeks,

till I took a fever, and was obliged to go to the hospital. When I recovered, the captain was gone to Africa; and not liking to go home, I stepped away, and have been from home ever since. I was in Brummagem, and was seven days in the new 'stir' (prison), and nearly broke my neck. When I came out, I fell into bad company, and went cadging, and have been cadging ever since; but if I could leave off, and go to the Isle of Dogs, the Isle of Man, or the Isle of Woman [*laughter*], or any other foreign place, I would embrace the opportunity as soon as I could. And if so be that any gentleman would take me in hand, and send me out, I would be very thankful to him indeed. And so good night' [*cheers*]. * * *

"A lad about twenty was here about to volunteer a statement concerning the lodging-houses, by which he declared he had been brought to his ruin, but he was instantly assailed with cries of 'Come down!' 'Hold your tongue!' and these became so general, and were in so menacing a tone, that he said he was afraid to make any disclosures, because he believed if he did so he would have perhaps two or three dozen of the other chaps on to him [*great confusion*].

"MR. MAYHEW: Will it hurt any of you here if he says any thing against the lodging-houses? [Yes, yes!] How will it do so?

"A Voice: They will not allow stolen property to come into them if it is told.

"MR. MAYHEW: But would you not all gladly quit your present course of life? [Yes, yes, yes!] Then why not have the lodging-house system, the principal cause of all your misery, exposed?

"A Voice: If they shut up the lodging-houses, where are we to go? If a poor boy gets to the workhouse, he catches a fever, and is starved into the bargain.

"MR. MAYHEW: Are not you all tired of the lives you now lead? [*Vociferous cries of 'Yes, yes; we wish to better ourselves!' from all parts of the room.*] However much you dread the exposure of the lodging-houses, you know, my lads, as well as I do, that it is in them you meet your companions, and ruin, if not begun there, is at least completed in such places. If a boy runs away from home, he is encouraged there, and kept secreted from his parents. And do not the parties who keep these places grow rich on your degradation and your peril? [*Loud cries of 'Yes, yes!'*] Then why don't you all come forward now, and by exposing them to the public, who know nothing of the iniquities and vice practised in such places, put an end to these dens at once? There is not one of you here—not one, at least, of the elder boys, who has found out the mistake of his present life, who would not, I verily believe, become honest, and earn his living by his industry, if he could. You might have thought a roving life a pleasant thing enough at first, but you now know that a vagabond's life is full of suffering, care, peril, and privation; you are not so happy as you thought you would be, and are tired and disgusted with your present course. This is what I hear from you all. Am I not stating the fact? [*Renewed cries of 'Yes, yes, yes!' and a voice: 'The fact of it is, sir,*

we don't see our folly till it is too late.'] Now I and many hundreds and thousands really wish you well, and would gladly do any thing we could to get you to earn an honest living. All, or nearly all, your misery, I know, proceeds from the low lodging-houses ['Yes, yes, it does, master! it does']; and I am determined, with your help, to effect their utter destruction. [A voice, 'I am glad of it, sir—you are quite right; and I pray God to assist you.']

"The elder boys were then asked what they thought would be the best mode of effecting their deliverance from their present degraded position. Some thought emigration the best means; for if they started afresh in a new colony, they said they would leave behind them their bad characters, which closed every avenue to employment against them at home. Others thought there would be difficulties in obtaining work in the colonies in sufficient time to prevent their being driven to support themselves by their old practices. Many again thought the temptations which surrounded them in England rendered their reformation impossible; whilst many more considered that the same temptations would assail them abroad which existed at home.

"MR. MAYHEW then addressed them on another point. He said he had seen many notorious thieves in the course of his investigations. Since then he had received them at all hours into his house—men of the most desperate and women of the most abandoned characters—but he had never lost a 6*d.* worth of his property by them. One thief he had entrusted with a sovereign to get changed, and the lad returned and gave him back the full amount in silver. He had since gone out to America. Now he would ask all those present, whether, if he were to give them a sovereign, they would do the same? [Several voices here called out that they would, and others that they would not. Others, again, said that they would to him, but to no one else.]

"Here one of the most desperate characters present, a boy who had been twenty-six times in prison, was singled out from the rest, and a sovereign given to him to get changed, in order to make the experiment whether he would have the honesty to return the change or abscond with it in his possession. He was informed, on receiving it, that if he chose to decamp with it, no proceedings should be taken against him. He left the room amid the cheers of his companions; and when he had been absent a few moments, all eyes were turned towards the door each time it opened, anxiously expecting his arrival, to prove his trustworthiness. Never was such interest displayed by any body of individuals. They mounted the forms in their eagerness to obtain the first glimpse of his return. It was clear that their honour was at stake; and several said they would kill the lad in the morning if he made off with the money. Many minutes elapsed in almost painful suspense, and some of his companions began to fear that so large a sum of money had proved too great a temptation for the boy. At last, however, a tremendous burst of cheering announced the lad's return. The delight of his

companions broke forth again and again, in long and loud peals of applause, and the youth advanced amidst triumphant shouts to the platform, and gave up the money in full.

"The assemblage was then interrogated as to the effect of flogging as a punishment; and the general feeling appeared to be, that it hardened the criminal instead of checking his depravity, and excited the deadliest enmity in his bosom at the time towards the person inflicting it. When asked whether they had seen any public executions, they almost all cried out that they had seen Manning and his wife hung; others said that they had seen Rush and Sarah Thomas executed. They stated that they liked to go a 'death-hunting,' after seeing one or two executed. It hardened them to it, and at last they all got to thief under the gallows. They felt rather shocked at the sight of an execution at first; but, after a few repetitions, it soon wore off. * * *

"A little boy, dressed in the garb of a sailor, came up to Mr. Mayhew crying bitterly, and implored him to allow him to say a word. He stated—I am here starving all my time. Last night I was out in the cold and nearly froze to death. When I got up I was quite stiff, and could hardly walk. I slept in Whitechapel under a form where they sell meat. I was an apprentice on board of a fishing smack, and ran away because I was ill-treated. After I ran away I broke into my master's house because I was hungry. He gave me twelvemonths, and now he is in the union himself; he failed in business and got broken up. I have been out of prison three months, starving; and I would rather do any thing than thief. If I see a little thing I take it, because I can't get any thing to eat without it. [Here the child, still weeping piteously, uncovered his breast, and shewed his bones starting through his skin. He said he was anxious to get out of the country.]" * * *

Others spoke in similar strains, and at length the proceedings terminated.

"The assemblage, which had become more rational and manageable towards the close, dispersed, quite peaceably it should be added, and the boys were evidently sincerely grateful for the efforts being made to bring their misfortunes before the notice of those in whose power it may be to alleviate them.

"Before they were dismissed, as much money was dispensed to each as would defray his night's lodging."

Such are, by their own shewing, the young thieves of London. What but the *true* Church of God can rescue them? A benevolent Protestantism may pity them, and reform here and there a few; but who but she who comes from God, and has the power of God to help her, can *save* them from such literally *helpless* misery and sin?

FATHER GAVAZZI.

The Preston Guardian, January 24th and 31st.

"A BURNT child fears the fire," is an old adage whose truth few persons in the ordinary affairs of life are disposed to call in question. The bigotry of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, however, is continually furnishing us with at least one exception to the rule. As the blind infatuation of their hatred against Catholicism leads them to violate the laws of common sense in their arguments and (too often) the laws of Christian charity in their conduct, so also it leads them, almost in spite of themselves, to forget and set at nought the lessons even of their own bitter experience. The faintest rumour of a conversion from Popery to Protestantism, or rather of something far less than this, of a man who has been once a Catholic, but who now declaims against Catholicism, is a bait which they cannot withstand. In vain does their memory recall dim visions of former heroes of the same class, who once occupied a prominent position in the (so-called) religious world, but afterwards came to an inglorious end; in vain does some more sober-minded neighbour proceed to specify instances, one after the other, to remind them how they were once taken in by such and such a man, or how grievously they were once disappointed in such another: it is all to no purpose; the temptation is too strong for their philosophy; they will hope even against hope that the present case will at least prove to be an exception; they *must* go and hear what he has to say; they *must* parade him from one end of the country to the other, and make a lion of him, even though in their secret souls they cannot altogether stifle some very serious apprehensions and misgivings.

These reflections have been suggested to us by watching the effect that has been produced upon the Protestant mind in different parts of the country by the recent "progress" of "Father Gavazzi" through some of the principal cities in the provinces. Every where he has been listened to by most numerous audiences, or rather (to borrow the more appropriate language of the theatre) every where he has commanded an overflowing house; yet every where there have been indications, more or less decided, of a certain degree of unwillingness to be altogether committed to the new lion. In some places there has been at first a little hesitation on the part of her Majesty's clergy to have any thing at all to do with him; in others, even

those ministers (of whatever persuasion they may have been) who have undertaken to introduce him to the public, have distinctly repudiated all idea of being responsible for his opinions, or even for every thing that he might say. This was done by the chairman (a Baptist minister, we believe) of the only meeting of the kind at which we have been ourselves present; and the same thing seems to have been very common generally.

At Preston, the Rev. Vicar is reported to have contented himself with saying merely that the meeting was held

“for the purpose of introducing the gentleman who is now seated at my left hand, *known by the name of Father Gavazzi*. . . . Our object, I hope, is the honour and glory of the Lord, and therefore I trust the feeling in all our minds will be an earnest desire to discern the truth, and to uphold it against all error of whatever kind.”

At a second meeting in the same town, the Independent minister introduced the hero of the evening with a very ominous allusion to Dean Swift's well-known saying, that Protestants would do well not to be so eager in picking up the weeds that the Pope chose to throw over his garden-wall. He endeavoured, however, to counteract the very uncomfortable impression which these words were calculated to make upon his audience, by expressing his own belief that

“from all I have been able to read of Father Gavazzi, he is an honest man. . . . I take the chair to-night in the fullest confidence, *so far as my judgment can go*, that the gentleman on my left is an honest man, who desires with all his heart the destruction of the Papal system.”

And this is a fair sample of the way in which he has been spoken of and introduced to the public, even by his own sponsors throughout the country.

Yet still, spite of these ill-concealed, not to say acknowledged, misgivings as to the real nature of the performer, neither the clergy of the Establishment, nor those of any other Protestant denomination that we have heard of, have been able successfully to resist the temptation of patronising these anti-Catholic performances. “We don't know what he is, and we don't care; he hates the Papists, and so do we; and that's quite enough for us; we shall go and hear him ourselves, and persuade every body else to do the same.” This has been the practical language of “enlightened and liberal” English Protestants with reference to Gavazzi, and will be so, we may safely venture to predict, with reference to every other adventurer of equally unknown origin and doubtful antecedents who may choose to follow in the same track for many a long year

to come. "Something strong against Popery:" this is the bait; the luscious treat stands ready prepared before them; and how can they be expected to abstain from so rich and tempting a morsel merely because the memory of past events suggests some inconvenient scruples as to whether there may not be a secret subtle poison lurking at the bottom of the bowl? Nay more, what care they though they be positively unable to taste with their own palates the delicate viands on the table? at any rate they have the satisfaction of knowing that the "*rare thing*" is before them; and though the foreign cookery prevents their partaking of it themselves, they can be made to enjoy it by the force of their own vivid imagination, and by a sort of mysterious sympathy floating in the air, much in the same way as a Mesmeric patient may be made perfectly intoxicated merely by sipping a few teaspoonsful of pure water administered by the operator.

Yet when one comes to think of it more seriously, truly it is a sad and sickening spectacle which has been exhibited in all our principal cities during the past few weeks; hundreds and thousands of persons, of all classes and degrees of education, apparently in the highest state of enjoyment, simply from a consciousness that a person, of whom they know nothing, and whose very language they do not understand, is employed in desperate abuse of the Pope and Church of Rome. The orator speaks with uncommon volubility, and *acts* what he speaks; and no doubt his action (which is extravagant, however, even for a Neapolitan Pulcinello) has something to do with the vociferous applause which he obtains; nevertheless the main secret of his success, the real charm of his eloquence to those who flock to hear him, is the assurance that he is abusing or ridiculing the doctrines, or practices, or most venerated personages, of Christ's Church. Even those who have conducted these exhibitions, and in the eyes of the public are responsible for them, by presiding upon the platform and taking part in the proceedings, have generally acknowledged their inability to understand what has been said; and as to the audience at large, it is only necessary to stand, as we have done, at the back of the orator, and so to have a full view of the whole company, in order to be thoroughly satisfied that there was scarcely one amongst them who understood him at all. At Preston, the Rev. R. Slate (Independent), "who had great pleasure in co-operating with the Rev. Chairman (the Vicar of the parish) on this occasion in supporting Christian truth and the cause of Protestantism (!), said that, from his little knowledge of Latin and French, he could gather a good deal of Father Gavazzi's address; but he was fully persuaded that if

they had been a company of Italians, they should have been completely carried away by the force of his language." How far the smattering of Latin and French retained by an elderly gentleman whose school-days have long been over will help him towards following an Italian oration, delivered with the most extraordinary rapidity; and again, what proportion of "the Father's" audiences at Preston, Bristol, Manchester, and elsewhere, may be expected to have had even this poor assistance towards understanding what they heard, we will leave to our readers to conjecture; but it must be perfectly clear to every reflecting person, that, if a performance of this kind can be made palatable to the English public on a large scale,—and we see that it is generally pronounced to have been eminently successful,—it can only be through the medium of their intense feelings of hatred and animosity against Catholics, which are thereby gratified, even though it be after a most senseless fashion. If any man would take the trouble of teaching a parrot some of those terse denunciations of Popery,—more terse than Christian,—with which the walls of our houses and the very pavements of our streets have been of late so liberally ornamented, he might produce an exhibition of the same kind, though scarcely so effective perhaps as that which is produced by Father Gavazzi; and we do not doubt, moreover, but that the parrot would make his owner's fortune, if its acquirements came to be extensively known amongst what are called the respectable classes of society; at least, for ourselves, we can see no material difference between listening to words which we understand spoken by one who does not understand them, and listening to words which we do not understand spoken by one who does understand them; if any thing, the advantage would seem to be decidedly in favour of the former arrangement, that is, in favour of the parrot.

But some of our readers may be tempted to inquire whether the speeches of the anti-Catholic orator are not duly "done into English" by some competent interpreter for the benefit of the unlearned; and whether his lectures do not thus become a rational and legitimate instrument for the support of Protestantism. We believe that when Father Gavazzi first entered upon this line of business, translations of his lectures (or what were called such) appeared from the pen of the too notorious Father Prout—*par nobile fratrum*; and at a later period, if we remember rightly, his speeches were also translated (or said to be translated) by an interpreter, sentence by sentence, as they were delivered. His present practice, however, is to bring with him in manuscript, or even printed in a newspaper, the report of a speech delivered by him else-

where, perhaps a fortnight since, or perhaps ten times within the last fortnight in different places, upon the same subject; and this is read to the audience by some one on the platform, as a condensed report of what they have just heard in Italian. A German Lutheran, whose letter appears in the *Preston Guardian* of January 31, says, "When Gavazzi ceased, the Vicar read what the audience were to believe a translation of the lecture, but the Padre had said ten times as much." It was the same also when we heard him; and not only had the Padre said ten times as much, but the supposed translation also contained a very great deal which the Padre had never said at all. We listened to his speech very attentively (it was on the Papal Aggression), in order that we might gather from it, if possible, some definite idea of his own creed; and we observed that there was not a word in it which a bad Catholic might not have said; we mean that, whereas there was a great deal of buffoonery and ridicule of sacred things and persons, and abuse of individuals, &c., there was not a word distinctly contradicting any article of the faith: in the English translation, however, which was afterwards read, he was made to scoff at relics, not only at this or that particular relic as being unauthenticated, but at the whole subject; and altogether he was much more Protestant in many ways. Whether this seasoning was judiciously added by the individual who had prepared it for the English palate, or whether the Padre himself had really indulged in that sort of talk on some former occasion, we have no means of knowing; the circumstance is worth mentioning, however, as we see it is mentioned by one of the correspondents of the paper already referred to, that "this holy man (Gavazzi) has not as yet abandoned Popery; for when enjoying the hospitality of Brindle Lodge, he paid a visit to the Catholic chapel there, and knelt down and said his prayers in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament;" whereupon the correspondent proposes the very obvious question, "What will Protestantism gain by the agency of such an inconsistent impostor?" The German Lutheran too, whose letter has been already quoted, and who, like ourselves, first made Gavazzi's acquaintance under very different circumstances, as a political demagogue haranguing soldiers and people in the public streets of Rome, says, that when he spoke of the picture of our Blessed Lady of Rimini, "he passed a beautiful Italian panegyric on the Mother of Christ." Had his audience been capable of understanding this panegyric, we wonder how many of them would have agreed with the German in thinking it "beautiful." We wish it had been our good fortune to have been present upon that occasion; it would have been a strange and novel sight,

worthy of a more particular commemoration,—a mixed multitude of anti-Catholic Anythingarians applauding an apostate friar who was singing the praises of the ever-blessed Mother of God. But really, in sad and sober earnestness, we would ask our Protestant fellow-countrymen, what possible good can be expected to result from so senseless, so incongruous an exhibition as this which has been going the round of the country under their special patronage during the last two or three months, and may be going on still for aught we know? Father Gavazzi is “neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor yet good red herring:” in his outward man, he retains his former habit of a Barnabite, garnished with a few crosses of his own devising in the Italian revolutionary tricolor; in his language, he is sometimes profane, sometimes Protestant, sometimes Catholic, always frivolous and superficial; but in his secret thoughts—what is he? who shall dare to say, save He only who knows what is in man? You tell us that he professes to be come hither “to observe the religious forms of English Protestants, and to learn their religious opinions, and to mark the state of parties in this country;” and you carry him about the country from one great town to another like some strange beast, and you make him *roar* in each place, greatly to the edification of the beholders, who believe that he is roaring against Popery, whilst all the while he may be pronouncing “a beautiful Italian panegyric” on her whom you delight to condemn and to abuse. Hear how an intelligent foreigner, himself too an enemy to Catholics, describes the scene in writing to an English friend, and say whether this is not also the judgment of reason and common sense. “The scene of Wednesday suited truly your English word *humbug*—an assembly of respectable men and women, headed by their vicar, listening to blasphemy and obscenity in an unknown tongue from a Popish friar. If through conviction he truly embraced the reformed faith, I would be the first to offer him my meed of praise; but when it is not known to what creed he belongs, I think it derogatory to any Church to countenance such language towards another body of believers.”

Then, again, look at the matter which he is reported to have said, even according to his English translator, who (we may be sure) has not failed to make the best of it, and to put it forth in the most palatable shape for consumption in the English market. There is no word at all adequate to describe its character, but that which has been very freely used by Protestant critics upon his performances, viz. buffoonery. His lectures do not consist of philosophical arguments or historical facts, scarcely even of declamatory assertions; they are simple

buffoonery, only rendered the more perfect by his gestures and all the other *paraphernalia* for producing stage effect. "Are you going to hear Father Gavazzi to-night?" asked a Protestant gentleman the other day of his friend, a Catholic priest. "No, I am not; for we ecclesiastics are not allowed to frequent theatrical representations," was the ready reply; and it was as apt as it was ready. Gavazzi's lectures can be properly described only in the language of the stage; and the particular branch of dramatic performances to which they more strictly belong is low comedy. Some of his jokes we have ourselves heard before now in a French theatre; and there are few amongst them which rise above this standard in the scale of wit. Take the following as a sample:

"Amongst the relics which Dr. Newman patronises and preaches, and would propagate, if he could, by means of his prophetic geniuses, the miracle-mongering Oratorians, is 'the holy manger.' But if there is a holy manger, I should like to know where is the ass? Father Newman himself is the ass."

"The lecturer next alluded to the winking picture of the Madonna at Rimini, and observed that it was not comely for the Virgin to wink. The Virgin Mary was a holy woman, but holy women were not in the habit of leering."

"Cardinals were the inmates of courts, and even if they were good men before they were made cardinals, they had no chance of remaining so, for not even a saint can in courts preserve his sanctity; look at the example of St. Peter, who is said to have been the first Pope; he never got into a court but once, and then he cursed and swore and blasphemed."

"In Italy the Pope has enacted a fearful tragedy; in England he has produced a comedy. In the year of the Great Exhibition, curiosities were coming from all quarters. A package came from Italy, and the royal commissioners, anxious to see what precious work of art Italy had sent, hastened to open the box, carefully unfolded the enclosures; and what came out? Twelve bishops, with mitres on their reverend heads, and robes rich and sanctified on their anointed bodies, and—singular curiosity—a cardinal!"

We will not disgust our readers by quoting other specimens of such ribaldry as this; yet this is the stuff which Protestant ministers of all denominations, and Protestant ladies and gentlemen of all classes, meet together to hear and applaud, and express a "hope" that in so doing their only "object is the honour and glory of the Lord, and that they are actuated by an earnest desire to discern His truth and to uphold it against all error of whatsoever kind." After listening for an hour and a half to such stuff as this, these reverend gentlemen, Anglican parsons and Wesleyan-Association ministers, Inde-

pendents and Baptists, Socinians, and we know not who besides, publicly congratulate one another upon the platform for having sunk their little differences of opinion in order that they might "co-operate in supporting Christian truth and the cause of Protestantism." Again we say, what a sad and sickening spectacle! what a miserable exhibition of the deadening effects of a blind, fanatical, anti-Catholic prejudice! Hundreds and thousands of individuals, each one possibly a reasonable and respectable being in all other relations of life, met together to hear, or rather to see, a man ridiculing Catholics and Catholicism, and believing that they are thereby doing God service!

There is one feature in these performances, however, which it is consoling to observe; and that is, that the more wicked and simply malicious portions of them seem to meet with no sympathy from the audience. This was very remarkably the case where we were ourselves present; and if we may trust the reports of the several provincial papers which have reached us, the same phenomenon was to be noticed elsewhere also. The ribald jokes and the display of histrionic action elicited rapturous applause; but when the orator proceeded to impute malicious and even diabolical motives to individuals, *e. g.* to his Eminence the Archbishop of Westminster, a most ominous silence was preserved throughout the whole assembly. We saw him mimic the way in which Catholics are in the habit of receiving a prince of the Church, bending the knee and asking his blessing; then we saw him spreading out his cloak to its utmost limits, like a peacock spreading out his tail, to represent the other side of the picture, the haughtiness of demeanour which he would have his audience believe was the ordinary characteristic of such high dignitaries, and of our own in particular; and the audience, feeling no reverence for the dignity that was being laughed at, themselves laughed heartily at the show. But it was far otherwise when he went on to say that the Cardinal was

"the fitting representative of the pride, the impiety, the rancour, and the malignity of the court of Satan. Yes, he repeated, of Satan. Look at the recent bloodshed at Liverpool; the murder of a Protestant policeman at Birkenhead in connexion with this very Papal aggression. What had this Cardinal Wiseman done? He had not publicly disapproved of this diabolical deed. No! I fancy I see him now stooping to gather up in his hands the blood of this murdered Protestant, and baptising therewith this Papal aggression and his own cardinalate."

This sentence, which we know not how to characterise as it deserves, was received in the deepest silence, not only when it was delivered in Italian by the orator himself, when of course

it was not understood, but also when it was read in English with all the additional advantage of the most careful and emphatic enunciation on the part of the interpreter. It was even repeated at the second meeting held in each town; he told them again that English blood had flowed in the streets by the hands of Papists; but it was all in vain; not a single cheer was to be heard; it would have been of course far better had it been received with one universal shout of execration; but this, we suppose, was too much to expect from an English audience listening to a hired calumniator of Catholics. With the same silence was received another most wicked and lying and mischievous sentence: "He forewarned them that if England was to be thus infested by the Jesuits, the evil would sink deeper, until such a catastrophe again happens *which the monument of London tells of*;" and many others that could be pointed out. On the whole, therefore, though the exhibitions of Father Gavazzi reflect the very deepest disgrace on all those who have any hand in promoting them, we do not believe that he is doing real injury to Catholics, or even putting the smallest impediment in the way of the advance of Catholic truth in this country at the present moment; on the contrary, we shall be very much surprised if the use of such an instrument to support "the cause of Protestantism" has not the effect, sooner or later, of opening the eyes of many of its more thoughtful adherents.

Ecclesiastical Register.

THE REV. JOHN KIRK, D.D., OF LICHFIELD.

THE Rev. Dr. Kirk, whom to know was to admire and love, died at Lichfield on the night of the 21st of December, in the 92d year of his age, and on the 67th anniversary of his first Mass, said in Rome on the Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle. Of patriarchal age and patriarchal simplicity of manners, ranging through near a century of Catholic affairs, with many of which he was actively and intimately identified—*quorum pars magna fuit*—he moved a living chronicle of persons, places, and facts, which our little English Church will long desiderate, perhaps never replace.

John Kirk was born at Acton Burnell, a village near Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop, on the 13th of April 1760. At ten years of age he was sent to that dear nursery of religion and the priesthood, Sedgley Park School, which only seven years before had, in spite of infinite opposition, and of other difficulties, which seemed at the time insurmount-

able, been established, in the spring of 1763, by the Rev. Wm. Errington, the friend and constant companion of the venerable Bishop Challoner, who was himself the original projector, and, while he lived, the powerful supporter of it. It was then under the government of its first master and president, the Rev. Hugo Kendall, who, in times of great difficulty, governed the establishment with admirable prudence and ability till his death, on the 2d of July 1781. His early inclination to the ecclesiastical state, united with his talents and proficiency in every branch of elementary knowledge, soon recommended him to his superiors as a fit subject to be sent to our English College at Rome, where, during his ten years' residence, he finished his humanity studies with great applause, and prosecuted those of philosophy and divinity.

John Kirk left England for Rome on the 8th of February 1773, and was received into the College just six months before the suppression of the Jesuits by Clement XIV., in the August of that year, being the last student there received before the dissolution of the Order.

It will be known to many of our readers, that ever since the year 1579, after the death of Dr. Maurice Clenock, to whom the administration of the College was at first committed, and who was a secular priest, and Bishop elect, in the reign of Queen Mary, our English College was governed by the fathers of the society until the year 1773. In the August of that year, the society being suppressed, the College was placed under the administration of Italian secular priests, Monsignor Foggini, Abatè Magnani, and Abatè Felice; and this government continued until the final suppression of the college itself by the French army, under Berthier, in 1798. It was restored to the English clergy twenty years afterwards by his Holiness Pope Pius VII., and the Rev. Robert Gradwell was appointed the first rector on the 8th of March 1818.

When on his voyage from England, Mr. Kirk accidentally fell overboard, and only escaped drowning by the intrepidity of the second mate, who jumped into the sea and rescued him.

Many circumstances shew that Mr. Kirk's talents and application were justly appreciated at the Roman College, and that he had become a great favourite with his superiors; and the writer of this memoir has often heard him say that it was owing to the friendship of the then rector, who, during his course of philosophy, kindly permitted him access to his private library, that he first became acquainted with Dodd's works, and especially his *Church History*, which he read with avidity and re-read, and thence acquired that decided taste and particular bent of study which gave the tone and character to his literary pursuits in after life.

In 1782 he was attacked with fever, when in the midst of his divinity course; his life was despaired of, and the physicians recommended their patient to receive the last sacraments.

The Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Exeter, has kindly communicated to the writer of this memoir extracts from three letters of Father John Thorpe of the society, who lived in Rome from 1786 until his death in 1792, which touch upon some facts of interest, and bespeak the estimation in which Mr. Kirk was held at the time in the English college. In the first letter, dated Rome, 10th July 1782, he says, "Mr. Kirk, the most promising youth of the English college, received the Viaticum yesterday." In another letter, dated Rome, 21st December 1784, he says, "We were present at Mr. Kirk's first Mass." He had been ordained by Cardinal Corsini, the protector of the English college, on the 18th of December 1784, in the Cardinal's private chapel. In a third letter again, dated June 1785, Father Thorpe thus comments upon him: "This modest,

devout priest, and well disposed to maintain that character, has left Rome for England." He landed at Dover August 17th, 1785. His first mission was in Shropshire, at Aldenham Hall, in the family of Sir Richard Acton. Here he remained only three months, leaving Aldenham to become chaplain at Sedgley Park School, where, in 1786, he succeeded the Rev. John Roe, and assisted as Vice-President the Rev. Thomas Southworth, who, in the year 1781, had succeeded his maternal uncle, the Rev. Hugo Kendall, in the presidentship of that now rising and important establishment. The valuable services which Mr. Kirk rendered to Sedgley Park at that period were afterwards more substantially confirmed and extended when he returned a second time to conduct the establishment in the capacity of president. Meanwhile, however, on the retirement of the Rev. Robert Tindall to Kilvington, in Yorkshire, Mr. Kirk removed to the small mission at Pipe Hall, near Lichfield, tenanted by Mr. Clement Weetman, on an estate belonging to the Weld family. Here he also took upon himself the charge of the congregation about Tamworth, and enlarged the little chapel at Pipe Hall so as to accommodate the tenants and their labourers on the Weld estate, and the few Catholics resident in Lichfield.

But a new field better suited to his peculiar habits of business was now opened to him at Sedgley Park by the proposed resignation of the presidentship, voluntarily made by the Rev. Thomas Southworth, which offer both Bishops Talbot and Berington pressed Mr. Kirk to accept. He did accept it accordingly, but on condition that Mr. Southworth should remain to conduct the spiritual department of the house.

In the year 1795 died Dr. Thomas Talbot, Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District. He was succeeded by Dr. Charles Berington, who had been his coadjutor ever since the year 1786. This Prelate, knowing Mr. Kirk's peculiar aptitude for business, summoned him from Sedgley Park to assist him as chaplain and private secretary in the general management of the district. This removal took place in July 1797. In the June of the following year (1798) Bishop Berington died by a stroke of apoplexy, on his return from Sedgley Park to Longbireh. Feeling himself seriously ill, he with difficulty dismounted from his horse, and died in the arms of his secretary, the subject of the present memoir.

The district was then for nearly two years, as the writer believes, administered by the Rev. Dr. Bew, President of Oscott College, who had been Vicar-General of the deceased Prelate, during which time Mr. Kirk remained at Longbireh, until the appointment to the vicariate of Dr. Gregory Stapleton, who, bringing down with him from the College of Old Hall Green his friend and confidant, the Rev. Thomas Walsh, then in deacon's orders, Mr. Kirk removed from Longbireh to make way for the new secretary in 1801. It was now that Bishop Stapleton proposed to him that, as the Pipe Hall estate had been sold, and the chapel closed, and as he had formerly the care of the Pipe Hall and Lichfield congregations, that he should repair to Lichfield for the express purpose of building a chapel there, and a residentiary house for the incumbent. He accordingly undertook the charge with spirits brighter than his prospects, which, it must be owned, were not very encouraging, as neither were the difficulties few nor trivial that beset his path.

We have said that the Pipe Hall estate had been sold by Mr. Weld during his (Mr. Kirk's) absence from it; that a Protestant had succeeded the Catholic tenant, and that the chapel had been closed. The vestments, however, and whatever else belonged to the chapel, with 200*l.* in money, had been made over by the late proprietor to Sir Thomas Constable, then T. Clifford, Esq., of Tixall; and with this sum, and about

480*l.* more which he himself had collected, he purchased an old house in Lichfield, and by throwing two rooms into one, made a chapel sufficiently capacious.

Sua laus cuique. With a hearty good-will and a characteristic energy of purpose, Mr. Kirk set himself to the work for which Bishop Stapleton had sent him in 1801, and was fortunate enough to find a piece of freehold land on the London road, and in a most convenient situation for the Pipe Hall, Lichfield, and Hopwas congregations, which then became permanently united. This land he purchased, and built on it a respectable house and chapel, which he opened on the 11th of November, 1803. Many of the Catholic nobility and gentry handsomely contributed on this occasion, for even then Dr. Kirk was well known and greatly respected. The chapel was afterwards refronted and considerably enlarged, and came out, in 1834, the neat little Norman church of St. Cross, Lichfield. The altar-piece, representing the "Crucifixion," in *chiaro oscuro*, is much admired. It was the gift of Thomas Weld, Esq., and is a *chef-d'œuvre* of De Bruyn, a Flemish painter of great celebrity.

To these proofs of his disinterested zeal for religion must be added his successful care in erecting a small decent chapel for the poor Catholics of Hopwas in the neighbourhood of Tamworth; and finally in the purchasing from old Sir Robert Peel, in 1829, a small freehold property in Tamworth itself, and building thereon, in an eligible position, a large commodious Grecian church and an excellent presbytery and school, where Catholicity is in a flourishing state under the care of the Rev. James Kelly. This quiet humble priest, by his zealous and disinterested exertions, has greatly extended the congregation, and fully justified the character which the late Dr. Doyle transmitted to Dr. Kirk, after ordaining him specially at the request of Dr. Walsh for this important post.

These undertakings, it will be admitted, form no ordinary claims for the Rev. Dr. Kirk on the gratitude of the district, and the respect of the active missionary. His soul was always in and upon the Church. He formed a perfect specimen of the olden times, a type of the fine old English priest; methodical, dignified, devout; adorning religion, and inculcating it at once by precept and by practice. Placed as he was in the ice-bound regions of a cathedral city,—condemned, as such places usually are, to perpetual sterility,—his mission seemed conservative rather than diffusive; and he laboured to consolidate and to perfect what he found, where no great facilities existed to extend the faith. His labours accordingly were in the cabinet rather than in the field, in the study rather than in the pulpit. Not but that also there he was most exemplary and exact, but that his peculiar position developed a bias which taste and inclination had very early formed, and which eventuated in results that have greatly promoted the cause of religion. During his residence in Rome, and for upwards of forty years of his long life, he was preparing materials for a continuation of Dodd's *Church History of England*. It was his daily, and long, and dear occupation. Every leisure moment of his time, excepting only a few years which his necessities obliged him to devote to private tuition, for which his character and great talents procured him some distinguished pupils,—but with this abatement every leisure moment was, with little relaxation, devoted to the accomplishment of this constant and warmest wish of his heart. With infinite labour he had at various times transcribed or collected, and methodically arranged, letters, tracts, annals, records, diaries, and innumerable miscellaneous papers, forming upwards of fifty volumes in folio and quarto. An account of all these, specifically arranged under

distinct heads, was published by him in a letter to the Rev. Joseph Berington, respecting the continuation of Dodd's *Church History of England*, Lichfield, September 1826. But the pressure of years, and many prudent misgivings, deterred him from attempting actual publication; so that, after restoring to the bishops, colleges, and to other private owners, their respective portions, Dr. Kirk assigned what was properly his own to the Rev. M. A. Tierney.

Whilst detailing Dr. Kirk's herculean labours of transcription, &c. for Dodd's *Church History*, we must not omit a very tedious task which, with no small trial both of patience and of eyesight, he undertook about the year 1794 and the following years, at the request of his friend the late Sir Thomas Constable, in deciphering and copying, and preparing for publication, the curious and interesting state papers and letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, the "right trusty and well-beloved counsellor" of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the royal gaolers of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots during her confinement in Tutbury Castle. The original papers were in the possession of the Cliffords of Tixall, who inherited, through the Astons, from Sir Ralph Sadler, and were published by Arthur Clifford, Esq., in 1809, in three large quarto volumes, with a biographical sketch by Sir Walter Scott. Amongst the persons to whom, in his advertisement, Mr. Clifford makes acknowledgment for papers and information contributed, he thus writes of the subject of our memoir: "In particular, I have to acknowledge the infinite obligation which I owe to my very learned and amiable friend the Rev. John Kirk, of Lichfield, without whose kindness, zeal, and ability in copying the original papers, this work would, most probably, have never seen the light."

But that which stamps his character, and will commend his memory to the gratitude of Catholic posterity, is the work which he undertook, in conjunction with the Rev. Joseph Berington, to supply a recognised deficiency in our popular controversy, entitled *The Faith of Catholics confirmed by Scripture, and attested by the Fathers of the Five First Centuries*. The work is now familiar to every Catholic, and has been freely referred to, and specially made use of, by almost every controversial writer and preacher since its publication, and is deservedly considered one of the most useful and learned works of modern times. It does good service by the side of Milner's immortal work *The End of Religious Controversy*, and acts a subsidiary part in the battle of argument, with a crushing weight of authority. As a library book, it has been greatly augmented and improved by the Rev. Dr. Waterworth, of Newark, who has revised the whole, and has added two volumes of well-sifted material to the original matter.

As some exceptions had been taken against the accuracy of the "Propositions" which form the heading of the work, Mr. Kirk published in 1815 a very interesting pamphlet, of nearly a hundred pages, entitled *Roman Catholic Principles in reference to God and the King; first published in the year 1680: to which is prefixed an Inquiry respecting the Editions and the Author of that valuable Tract*. It evinces great industry of research, and felicitously proves, from circumstantial evidence, that the "Principles" were drawn up by the Rev. James Corker, a Benedictine monk, and Abbot of Lambspring, a fellow-prisoner with Archbishop Plunkett and Lord Stafford, the innocent victims to the frightful perjuries of that fanatical time.

The "Principles" had been published in a variety of shapes, and had gone through numerous editions, but profound theologians questioned their entire accuracy; and, with all his great respect for Dr. Kirk, the

late Bishop Milner would have preferred the adoption of a more authoritative formula, such as the Creed of Pope Pius IV.

In addition to the above literary labours, Dr. Kirk's active pen and well-stored mind furnished many useful contributions to the periodicals of the day, and were always ready at the service of any of his brethren who were engaged in subjects of English ecclesiastical history, and who wanted dates and facts and verification. He enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of all the great lights of our English Church, and never made a valuable acquaintance which he had not the rare fortune to preserve.

As a well-merited compliment for his many useful labours, the Rev. John Kirk received, by diploma from his late Holiness Pope Gregory XVI., the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The diploma was dated Nov. 9, 1841.

To complete his character, we may add that Dr. Kirk was a correct accountant and an able financier. The clergy highly appreciated his merits in this department, and were immensely indebted to him for the care with which he nursed their funds, and for the improvement of those funds under his judicious administration.

In person Dr. Kirk was the model of a fine man. His physical frame and mental faculties were freely and favourably developed, and he possessed the *sound mind in the sound body*. To the very last his faculties were clear, and his memory distinctly retentive; and though his frame was impaired by infirmity, it was not shattered. Neither had he suffered, otherwise than in a mitigated form, the labour and dolour pronounced by the Psalmist to be the ordinary lot of those who linger beyond the term of eighty years. His was rather the old age described by King Solomon, "a crown of dignity, when it is found in the ways of justice." *Corona dignitatis senectus, quæ in viis justitiæ reperietur* (Prov. xvi. 31). "I suppose," writes a distinguished ecclesiastic, "that with our poor friend we have lost the father of the secular clergy. At all events, we have lost one whose place, in many respects, it will not be easy to supply." And a still more *eminent* personage condescendingly writes, "I have to-day offered up the adorable Sacrifice for the truly venerable and estimable Dr. Kirk. I had a letter from him a few weeks ago, which shewed no decay; but he was indeed a ripe fruit, and is gone to enjoy his Christmas in a better place."

It had been the wish of the Bishop and of the clergy to have brought his remains to the cathedral church of Birmingham, that he might have honourably reposed under the sanctuary of St. Chad's; but his relatives strongly pleaded for St. Cross, Lichfield, where he himself had prepared a vault, and where he had expressed a strong desire to be buried. Accordingly it was thought right to yield to this desire, though at the sacrifice of a certain solemnity which would have accompanied his funeral at St. Chad's. All, however, was done that under circumstances could be done. The clergy of the neighbourhood assembled, and a solemn Mass of Requiem was sung in the little church of St. Cross, Lichfield, by his friend the Rev. Dr. Weedall, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Moore, and the clergy and choir of St. Mary's College, Oscott.

Peace be to his soul! May his lengthened life have been, from God, a pledge of his bright destiny, and have proved a title to an immortal crown. *Longitudine dierum replebo eum, et ostendam illi salutare meum* (Ps. xc. 16).

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL AND THE
CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.Brook-Green House, Hammersmith,
January 7, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I readily comply with your desire to be furnished with information regarding the present relations of her Majesty's Catholic subjects towards the Committee of Privy Council on Education.

You are aware that, from the institution of that Committee in 1839 down to 1847, the Parliamentary grant for education, amounting in the aggregate to £507,282 2s., was employed in aiding the erection of schools. From the whole of the benefits arising from the distribution of this large amount of public money Catholics were entirely excluded, by a regulation imposing on all aided schools the use of the Protestant translation of the Bible. In 1847, the application of the Parliamentary grant was extended beyond the original building outlay, so as to comprise aid towards the annual expenses of schools. From this extended aid, Catholics, who had been led to expect fairer treatment, were shut out, by means which attracted so much notice at the time that little need be said now. You will remember that the course adopted by Government formed the subject of very strong observations in the House of Commons, and was reprobated by the leader of the Conservative party no less than by independent Liberal members. A change of policy was thus effected, but not perhaps carried out with any remarkable show of alacrity. However, a minute of Council, admitting Catholic schools to share in the aid administered by their lordships, and recognising the Catholic Poor-School Committee, was passed in December 1847, and confirmed by Parliament in the session of 1848 by the adoption of the education vote. The minute so confirmed is of the most simple and unobjectionable character, and contains no allusion to conditions, the subsequent imposition of which has proved so detrimental. As soon as the vote of 1848 was taken, the Secretary to the Committee of Council desired to confer with the Chairman of the Poor-School Committee, the Hon. C. Langdale, whose name, you will give me leave to say, can never be mentioned without feelings of the highest respect and gratitude by those who, like myself, are acquainted with the disinterested and religious devotion which, from day to day, he gives to the cause of Catholic education. The chairman was then informed for the first time of a principle declared to be universal and indispensable in cases of building-grants, viz. that aided schools should not only be conveyed in legal form to safe trustees—a provision in itself most desirable—but that the deed constituting the trust shall provide for the management of the school by a mixed and complicated machinery. I beg your particular attention to the words in which the requirement was communicated to Mr. Langdale, and accepted by the Poor-School Committee. They are these: "Local management of the school to be partly clerical and partly lay. Management and instruction, where directly or indirectly connected with religion or morality, to be solely under the authority of clerical members; and in case of any question arising thereon, an appeal to the ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF THE DISTRICT." The years 1849 and 1850 were spent in arranging questions of detail, and at length, in December of the latter year, a management-clause was proposed by the Privy Council, and accepted by the Poor-School Committee, which, like all the previous documents, contained reference to the name and authority of the "Roman Catholic Bishop of the District." A school deed comprehending the settled clause was submitted in May 1851. I need not remind you how Parliament was

employed in that year. You, at least, are not answerable for the act against our Bishops and its disastrous consequences. The mischief, however, was done, spite of the noble resistance made by the friends of justice and religious freedom; and in the end of last November the Privy Council announced that the law-officers of the Crown had been consulted upon our school deed, and had advised their lordships that the words "Roman Catholic Bishop of the District" are contrary to the Titles Act, suggesting in their room the use of the words "officiating as a Bishop of the Church of Rome, and as Ecclesiastical Superior of the persons in communion with that Church residing within the district." The chairman has at once rejected this suggestion as derogatory; and we have been likewise informed by our legal advisers, that in their opinion, the phrase recommended, though it be by such eminent authority, is as contrary to the statute as the words sought to be superseded. Such is our position at present. Words imposed in 1849 as part of an essential requirement of the Privy Council, and adopted without remark in December 1850, together with all similar words referring to the Roman Catholic Bishop, have been made of doubtful legality by the Titles Act, which is thus operating to deprive our poor children of the educational benefits extended to them by Parliament. The Lords of the Privy Council—in other words, her Majesty's Ministers—comprehend in their school machinery, as a matter of obligation, the authority of the Catholic Bishop, and the same ministers make that authority void by their Titles Act.

And thus, out of £475,000 voted since 1847, in addition to the £507,282 before mentioned, Catholics have received nothing to help them in providing schools.

Nevertheless, the hope of obtaining such aid, which our schools were quite justified in entertaining, has led to many claims; and a Parliamentary paper of 1851 names the following Roman Catholic schools as having applied in this way between September 1848 and August 1850. (See page 181 of enclosed *Catholic School*.)

These schools, which when built will provide education for about 8000 children, are all returned as "awaiting the settlement of a model trust-deed." In some cases conditional grants have been announced, as I am informed; *e. g.* :—

To Kemerton, £52 10s.; Liverpool, St. Ann, £700; Manchester, St. Chad, £600; and in the last case the greatest inconvenience is felt.

Such is the barren result of the main division of Government aid to schools.

In grants towards the annual expenses of schools we have a brighter tale to tell.

In December 1848, Mr. T. W. Marshall received the appointment of her Majesty's Inspector of Roman Catholic Schools, and for the last three years has laboured most beneficially amongst our schools.

Sixty of our teachers have honourably obtained the Certificate of Merit in Mr. Marshall's examinations, and are entitled to receive in annual augmentation of their salaries upwards of £1000.

As assistant-teachers, we have more than 200 young men and women apprenticed to capable school-masters and mistresses, and earning amongst them £3000 a year, while they are being trained under the eye of the clergy in the acquisition of sound knowledge and proficiency in the art of teaching.

Towards the purchase of books and maps, so far as my information extends, our schools have claimed about £300, in addition to a free gift of books to the Poor-School Committee.

You are well aware that these annual grants are open to every Ca-

tholic school, and you know the high value they possess in raising and extending the course of education. It would give me great satisfaction to know that Carlisle had distinguished itself in this way by the success of its schools.

I must not conclude without mentioning that towards the Training School now happily established by the Poor-School Committee, to provide Catholic England with competent skilled masters, the Privy Council have promised a grant of £1676; and that our students, if as successful in the examination as we hope, will hereafter draw from the same source a good round sum towards the heavy annual expenditure of the establishment.—Believe me, &c.

SCOTT NASMYTH STOKES.

P. H. Howard, Esq., M.P.

In connexion with the above, the following should be well noted :

ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—MANAGEMENT CLAUSES. (No. 20.)

Committee of Council on Education,
Dec. 17, 1850.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 29th ult., which I have had the honour of submitting to the Lord President on his return to London, I am directed by his lordship to express the satisfaction of the Committee of Council on Education at the settlement of the questions which have been so long under discussion between the Roman Catholic Poor-School Committee and their lordships.—I have, &c.

R. R. W. LINGEN.

The Hon. Charles Langdale.

THE FRENCH CARDINALS SENATORS.

CARDINAL GOUSSET.

Thomas Gousset was born on the 1st of May, 1792, at Montigny-les-Cherlieu, a humble village of the department of the Upper Saone. His father, now dead, was a farmer. His mother, who is still living, brought up with the greatest care the numerous family with which the Almighty had blessed her. Thomas Gousset worked in the fields until 1809, when he commenced his Latin studies in a private school at Amance, a village situated six leagues north-east of Vesoul. In the course of three years he presented himself before the Academy of Besançon, and received the diploma of Bachelor of Letters. He next entered the Grand Seminary, and soon became the first scholar in an establishment remarkable for the many distinguished theologians it produced. He had scarcely finished his studies, when the directors charged him with the conferences intended to teach the youngest pupils the mode of learning. On the 22d of July, 1817, he was ordained Priest by M. de Latil, then Bishop of Amylea *in partibus*, whom he was afterwards to succeed as Archbishop of Rheims. He was named Vicar at Lure, a difficult post in many respects, which he filled with much success, when the diocesan authority recalled him nine months afterwards to Besançon to profess moral theology. He occupied that chair during fourteen years. In 1830, Cardinal de Rohan, who appreciated his merit, conferred on him the title of Grand Vicar, which he preserved under the administration of Messrs. Dubourg and Mathieu, that is, until the period of his elevation to the episcopacy. A royal ordinance of the 6th of October, 1835, appointed him to the see of Périgueux. On the 1st of February following he was confirmed by the

Pope, and consecrated on the 6th of March, in the church of the Carmelites, by M. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, assisted by two other Bishops, MM. de Forbin Janson and Mazenod. He took possession of the see on the 18th; and during the five years he filled it he secured to himself universal affection and admiration. The death of Cardinal de Latil having left vacant the archbishopric of Rheims, he was elevated to it by a royal ordinance of the 25th of May, 1840, and solemnly installed on the 26th of August. His promotion to the dignity of Cardinal took place in 1851. Cardinal Gousset has published a number of esteemed works; namely — 1st, an edition of “The Conferences of Angers,” with notes and dissertations, in 26 vols. 1823; 2d, “An Exposition of the Doctrine of the Church respecting Loans on Interest,” 1825; 3d, “The Ritual of Toulon,” with comments and explanations; 4th, an edition of “The Theological Dictionary of Bergier,” with notes; 5th, “The Civil Code,” with comments on its relations with moral theology, of which three editions appeared in 1827, 1829, and 1834; 6th, “The Justification of the Theology of St. Liguori;” 7th, “Letter to Abbé Blanc on the Communion of Individuals sentenced to Death;” 8th, “Compendium of the Ritual of Perigueux;” 9th, “Observations on the Project of Law relative to Liberty of Instruction;” 10th, “Moral Theology,” 2 vols. 8vo. The Academy of Besançon elected M. Gousset one of its members in 1831. He was already one of the directors of the library and museum, councillor of the university, and member of the committee charged with examining the manuscripts of Cardinal de Grandville. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the 3d of May, 1840.

CARDINAL DU PONT.

Jaques Marie Antoine Celestin Du Pont was born on the 2d of February, 1772, at Iglesias, in Sardinia. His father, Benoit Du Pont, was naval commissioner of the first class. His family, originally French, settled at Villa Franca towards the year 1738. When ten years of age he entered the seminary of the Doctrinarian Fathers, where he studied with so much success, that at seventeen he was appointed member of the Academy of Arcades. He published at the time some Italian and Latin poetry, which is not deficient in charm. Feeling an early vocation for the ecclesiastical life, he entered the Seminary of Nice, where he followed during four years lectures on theology, and thence removed to the Seminary of St. Irenée at Lyons, where he studied another year. On the 16th of January, 1813, he was ordained Sub-Deacon by Cardinal Fesch, Deacon on the 2d of July following, and Priest on the 24th of September, 1814. Monsignor Colonna d'Istria, a friend of his father, chose him for his private secretary. Shortly afterwards, on the 10th of April, 1815, M. du Pont was received doctor *in utroque jure* in the University of Turin. In 1817, M. de la Fare cast his eyes upon him; but as that prelate could not take possession of the see of Sens before 1821, it was only then he appointed him Canon of his metropolitan church. A year afterwards he nominated him Vicar-General, Archdeacon, and Official; and on the 7th of November of the same year, Louis XVIII. named him honorary member of the Chapter of St. Denis. When Cardinal de la Fare repaired to the conclave at which Leo XII. was elected, he chose him for his first assistant, and M. de Rohan for the second. During his stay at Rome, Louis XVIII. demanded and obtained for him the title of Bishop of Somosate *in partibus*; and on the 29th of June, 1823, he was consecrated in Paris by Cardinal de la Fare, assisted by the Bishops of Autun and St. Briec. Lest the temporary expatriation of his family should lead to any diffi-